

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY  
1926



EDITED BY  
LEONARD HUXLEY

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## BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

### Selected Authors

EVIDENCE of the continuance—even, indeed, of the growth—of appreciative taste in literature is seen in the reception accorded, over some months, the editions which Mr. Murray has issued of the works of selected authors. The format of these editions was specially considered with a view to meeting the needs of the day. These needs were best met, it was decided, by compactness and a reasonable price, hence the pocket-size volumes printed on Thin Paper and bound in either Cloth or Leather at a price well within the reach of all who desired to read what is best in literature. At first the scope of these editions was necessarily small, but, encouraged by the gratifying welcome received in the early issues, the scope is being extended—and the response has been consistently good. As yet the Thin Paper Editions are in their infancy, but already they cover a fairly wide field. They include the works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë, Mrs. Gaskell, George Borrow, Robert Browning, E. B. Browning, Henry Seton Merriman, Stanley J. Weyman, and A. Conan Doyle—a selection of authors providing for catholicity of taste, but common in the quality of their work. Each edition is finished with a distinctive colour, and provision has been made for special containers for each set of volumes.

### English

THE attractiveness of these editions is enhanced in various ways. In the case of the Brontë works, Mrs. Humphry Ward has contributed an Introduction to each of the six volumes, whilst a seventh volume adds completeness in Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*, to which Clement K. Shorter has contributed an Introduction and Notes. Mr. Stanley Weyman has written an Introduction to his own works which appears in the first volume *House of the Wolf*, and there is a Biographical Note similarly in Merriman's *The Slave of the Lamp*.

The Borrow edition is rich in Notes compiled by Ulick Burke and Professor W. I. Knapp. *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye* contain the unaltered text of the Original Issues and some suppressed episodes, and both have been collated and revised by Professor Knapp. There is a special Portrait frontispiece to each volume of the Brownings, whilst the Mrs. Gaskell edition contains several hitherto unprinted contributions to Periodicals, two new

## BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

poems, and some unpublished fragments ; each volume contains too, an Introduction by Sir A. W. Ward. The price of the editions is 3s. 6d. net in Cloth and 5s. net in Leather each volume.

### Tried

THE end of the year has brought illumination through annual stocktaking. Some books have sold as expected, others have exceeded expectations, and still others have been disappointing where disappointment was not anticipated. Dr. A. A. Ramsay's notable contribution to political history, *Idealism and Foreign Policy*, has awakened considerable interest. Reviews have not been slow in recognising the importance of the work, nor in entering the lists against the author whose conclusions have not always been acceptable. However, this study of the relations of Great Britain with France and Germany during the period when Bismarck was a power in Europe is a compelling one, in which are to be seen the fruits of much research and of some patience with the powers that were. The style is lucid and entertaining, and the letters reproduced for the first time from the archives of the Foreign Office add attraction to a work of sincerity and considerable power. The price is a guinea.

### Theological Scholarship

BISHOP HEADLAM's new book, *Jesus Christ in History and Faith*, has gone into Second Impression. Before publication it was recognised that a comparatively large sale awaited this book, and expectations have been exceeded. "Only a scholar could have written a book like this," says the *Sunday Times*, and adds, "it would be hard to find anywhere within so brief a compass a summary of the Gospel and a discussion of its main problems once so stimulating and satisfying." As readers know, the contents of the book consist of the lectures delivered at Harvard by the Bishop. The price is 6s. net. A second theological work of outstanding scholarship and conservatism is *The Fourth Evangelist*, by Charles Frederick Nolloth. This is a book which may be regarded as the future authority on the problems, literary, historical, and psychological, presented by the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. It deserves a far wider success than it has yet achieved—but that will come. The cost of the book is half-a-guinea net.

## BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

### Acts on Fiction

THREE novels have fully sustained the reputation of their authors. These are *Beau Geste*, by P. C. Wren; *Through Flood and Fire*, by R. W. MacKenna; and *Queen's Folly*, by Stanley J. Weyman. Readers will be more than familiar with the first title now, but its sales continue to dominate those of any other book on the list. During December a complete edition was sold within ten days, and even after the turn of the year, when it is supposed public purchasing power is exhausted, the demand continues far above the average. Incidentally the serial rights P. C. Wren's next novel, *Who Rideth Alone*, have been secured the CORNHILL, and the story commences in this issue. *Through Flood and Fire* has added to Mr. MacKenna's high reputation, particularly in the North, where tradition keeps warm the memory of the people of whom the author has written. It is an excellent story, as is Mr. Weyman's latest, but the latter is to be expected. The manner in which *Queen's Folly* was bought for Christmas is a sure sign of the regard of a wide public which has come to expect quality from Stanley Weyman—and which has not been disappointed.

### Classical Subjects

PROFESSOR MACKAIL'S new work, *Classical Studies*, which has been written, not to defend the classics, but to explain them in their relation to the higher life of the nation and the individual, has brought out the ultra-modernists of education to do wordy battle with him. But whatever their value in the schools, the classics will not die. The secret of their true enjoyment is a secret Dr. Mackail knows. It is this secret he imparts in his book. Who, desiring to realise the beauties of literature, will say him hearing?

### History in the Embryo

THE war-history of the Scots Guards and that of the 3rd (King's Own) Hussars were published just before Christmas. The appeal of such books is necessarily limited, but each has received a very good share of attention. The new departure in the illustrating of typical war incidents which Lt.-Col. Willcox adopted in the case of the 3rd Hussars attracted favourable comment, as

## BOOK NOTES FOR FEBRUARY

did the human element which transforms the text from a military chronicle to a romance of high courage, stirring deeds and much humour. The Scots Guards were dogged by fortune in the compilation of their history. Nevertheless, Major General Sir Cecil Lowther has done yeoman service in completing the work of Wilfrid Ewart and F. Loraine Petre, and the volume stands not without a grim pride congenial to the regiment whose history it records.

### Once upon a Time

THE interests which Dr. Lyttelton has are so wide and cover so many human activities that it is not surprising to find in his recently-published book, *Memories and Hopes*, reviewed in a number of newspapers and journals, and his opinions and suggestions remarked and discussed. *E. T. Busk: A Pioneer in Flight*, a memoir of two very gallant airmen, and *The Life and Letters of William Boyd Carpenter*, are biographies to have had a kind welcome.

### Next month

THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE for March will contain, among other contributions, further instalments of *Who Rides the Arrow* by P. C. Wren, of *The Lady with Red Hair*, by Stanley J. Weyman, and *The Way of the Panther*, by Denny C. Stokes.

An essay, *From Thoughts to Things*, by Professor Fraser Harris, M.D., F.R.S. (Edin.), describing how the abstract conceptions of the scientific imagination have come to justify themselves in so many facts.

The Rev. H. B. Tristram writes on the literary and personal relations between *Newman and Matthew Arnold*.

A further article on *Water Divining*, by Thomas Ray, A.R.I.B.A., gives the experiences of an architect who employs professional diviners to find water for him. This will be followed next month by an article from the professionals themselves describing the process as it appears to them.

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COUPON  
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FEBRUARY 1926



# ANNOUNCEMENT

¶ MR. MURRAY has pleasure in announcing that the serial rights of "WHO RIDETH ALONE," the new novel by P. C. WREN, author of "BEAU GESTE," have been secured for the "CORNHILL MAGAZINE," and that the opening chapters appear in the present number

¶ In consequence there is a greatly increased demand for the Magazine. Readers wishing to avoid disappointment, should ORDER their copies without delay

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The correspondence is not confined to foreign affairs. In domestic politics—the Reform Act, the Irish Church and Land Acts, the Education Act, the Army Purchase Act, the Public Worship Regulation Act, the assumption of the title of Empress of India, are all fully dealt with.

There is much, too, about social affairs: the marriage of the Prince of Wales; the Queen's views of the part he ought to play in English society and his own comments thereon; the marriages of other members of the Queen's family; the question of the marriage of Princesses with English subjects; the creation of Peers; appointments to high offices in Church and State, and many other interesting subjects. Nearly all the letters are now published for the first time and contain history from original sources which have hitherto been kept secret.

There are numerous quotations from the private Journal which bring the Queen's private and family life as well as her public life vividly before the reader, and show what a deep interest she took in all the affairs of the United Kingdom and the Colonies and dependencies.

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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

FEBRUARY 1926.

## THE WAY OF THE PANTHER.

BY DENNY C. STOKES.

### VIII.

DRIMOGA village, sheltered on the eastern fringe of the Mhatu jungles, could not doze with its usual slothfulness through the midday heat. Under the stunted palms that jutted up from the clustered houses a crowd filled the narrow street of open stalls. The movement of the throng was ceaseless; in the haze of red dust, stirred by hundreds of shifting feet, there drifted the rant and banter of eager men. They were waiting for the stranger, waiting to hear him speak. They had heard his name, Sar Bhar, but only a few had seen him; the Mohammedan cartmen, they had seen him down on the coast where Gurkhas were chasing the Moplahs through the jungles, where villages were burning, where the crackle of rifle fire echoed and sent men fleeing from the sput of bullets. But Sar Bhar had left the coast, he was coming to Drimoga—the crowd awaited him.

There were many types in the waiting crowd, each marked by caste if not by individual characteristics.

Pale-skinned Budagas, from their rice-fields, in flowing white dhotis picked their way carefully through groups of sullen, bearded Todas. Hairy-breasted Gowdas rested their muscular shoulders against daub walls as they watched, from the shadows in which they squatted, the passing of flower-decked Llabadi bands.

These heavy-jawed agriculturists listened with contempt to the light-hearted, singing gipsies. And yet on this day they were all brothers, comrades in one purpose. Even the stocky Tamil labourers lurched carelessly against the Budagas. They were as important as the landowners, their heads were high under the weight of huge white pugarees, their gait uncertain, for toddy was being sold cheaply by quiet-eyed Canarese women. They could be



seen everywhere in their blue saris offering drink to the crowd. Sar Bhar's agents had made sure that drink was plentiful, and that it was cheap.

The red mhoe shoes, with stretched curled toes, of Mohammedan cartmen trod on and bruised the naked feet of ryots, as they pushed their way roughly through the crowd to buy crushed areca nut and betel leaf from the patient, sad-eyed pulayas, who endured the insults of the castemen and stooped to pick up money thrown at their feet. Men would buy from them, but would not touch them. They were outcaste, no better than the lean dogs that fled howling from the open stalls, cut by hard-flung stones. And yet the rigours of caste had lapsed; it was hot under the sun. Drimoga had few shade trees, only one dusty portia and two mangoes near the wall, besides the stunted palms.

A lean ascetic, clothed in the accumulated dirt of months, bowed and muttered before a heap of dried cow-dung; he had one eye on the object of his worship, the other on the pice that fell about his feet. The crowd in Drimoga was unusual—so unusual that the monkeys in the trees of the Mhatu ceased their chatter and play, to watch with astonished eyes. Men had come from the hidden villages in the jungle, from the herdsmen's huts scattered over the baked pastures that lay between the village and the yellow Baheteglur-Ghat road. Others had come from the lonely houses where they lay among the dyked paddy-flats; golden fields that stretched northwards to the Bababoodan hills and southward to a sluggish river and eastward to the houses of Baheteglur, the mean capital of the Talug.

For weeks previous to the gathering in Drimoga men with easy tongues had visited the neighbouring villages, huts, and scattered houses. They had sat under the mango trees by the wells. They had talked of burnt villages, of ruined police posts, and tax-collectors lying dead on lonely roads, but especially of the deaths of fat money-lenders and of the cruelty of taxes. And they spoke of how Sar Bhar had led the coast people to freedom. A great man, Sar Bhar, cunning as any beast; a man of peace when peace was justified, a tiger when there was freedom to be gained—freedom from heavy taxes like those paid to the treasury at Baheteglur, freedom from the obligation of paying heavy interest asked for at the time of light crops and cattle scourges; freedom from the clutches of the money-lenders, like those who dozed among their riches in Baheteglur.

From ear to mouth and mouth to ear the poison spread.

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Gowdas looked at their heavy crops and sighed with content, and then they remembered that when the crops were sold most of the proceeds would go to paying interest to the money-lenders, and then their eyes, dull and sullen, turned to where the houses of Baheteglur rose out of the flat crop-laden fields in the distance. It was there that the taxes had gone, the whole year's taxes, into the white treasury building. And also the interest on loans, that had gone into the houses of Bhurni Haji and the other money-lenders. And the strange men said that the crops would be heavy, never before had they been so heavy. The Government would make greater taxes; the money-lenders would demand full repayment of loans. It could not be. It would mean starvation in the jungles, with vultures watching from the trees and jackals yapping near in the shadows. Police peons and dusty bearded lancers would come to the village. Those who could not pay would see their land sold and strangers come to their houses. It could not be. This man Sar Bhar was wise. He would give help.

Murmurs spread through every village, and men's eyes became sad and sullen.

Then came the news that Sar Bhar was coming to Drimoga, where it lay in a hollow near the Mhatu jungle. And so the village became filled. Ploughs were left abandoned in the fields, and toss-horned, white-humped bullocks roamed the roads free from their yokes. Only women remained in the squat houses on the plain. The men were in Drimoga, crowding the main street.

Dru Khan, the havildar of police, watched the animated scene from a narrow window of the police post. He had seen restless crowds before. He had heard uneasy murmurs fill the air many times before his heavy beard turned white. He had heard a few careless words dropped from one man's lips stir a thousand naïve men to madness, and from the madness had come the bloody fury of wanton riots. Dru Khan wondered, as he surveyed the shifting throng, if the mutterings would change to frenzied yells, if among the sweet-scented champak garlands knives would appear. And he wondered if the men he saw passing before the police post would soon be reaching into the dust for stones and forgetting the yellow melons which crowded every stall.

He would wait. He would wait for the plague-carrying rat, Sar Bhar. Maybe the wind would not have strength to fan the sparks to flame. He must see, and to see must wait.

Through the crowd pushed two Mohammedans. They were

hurrying. They left the main street and passed rapidly down an alley, and then walked quickly along a path that led along the dykes of paddy-fields. For half an hour they walked under the heat of the sun; they met nothing but foraging, pert-eyed goats. A dog barked from the shadow of a thatched mud-house. From the same patch of shade Pisa Gowda rose to greet the Moslems.

'You are Pisa Gowda?'

'Howdoo.'

'Then we are from Bhurni Haji of Baheteglur. Last year you prayed for a loan of three hundred rupees. You have not repaid at the time written on the stamped paper. No interest have you given.'

Pisa Gowda's eyes were sad.

'I cannot pay. The rains have been poor. Tiger killed two bulls, a daughter has been married, I have been sick.'

'Tsa, liar!' spat the Moslem. 'You Gowdas are all the same. One day you weep like children, the next you become as stubborn as mules. Tsa, to-morrow we come to sell your land. Bhurni Haji has a man who waits to buy your land. Then you will be free of debt and have ten rupees put in your hand. And,' added the agent, grinning as his eyes wandered in the direction of Pisa's wife, when she squatted in the house door rubbing corn between two stones, 'I will give you twenty rupees for your wife and my brother here will give ten for your second daughter—you need not starve for many weeks and—'

'Yha-hai.' The sullen light left the Gowda's eyes; they blazed. His cuttie left its hempen sheath. He leaped forward at the Moslems. One fell with a cloven head, the other gurgled through an opened throat and slithered down by his brother's side on to the ground.

For a minute Pisa stood over the still forms lying at his feet. His eyes were quiet again.

'It is done,' he whispered, as he bent down and dragged the two bodies into a bank of grass.

He went into his house and wound a heavy green pugaree about his head. And bidding his wife to be speechless took a thick stick and set off over the path to Drimoga. He looked away to the Baheteglur-Ghat road, where the day before he had seen two cars speeding eastward. He remembered having seen the sun play on several white topees.

'Sahibs,' he mumbled; 'did they even yesterday hear of Sa'

Bhar? Were they even flying so soon from their bungalows in the hills?'

But Turner, Shendaw, and the rest in the two cars had not seen the solitary Gowda watching them from the fields. They had been intent upon reaching Baheteglur and the cool shelter of the clubhouse.

Pisa Gowda had not gone to Drimoga with the other men. He had been content. His life had been full of peace. He was a man of peace, with no desire to hear the trouble-making tongue of a stranger. But now it was different. On reaching the village he pressed into the crowd that swayed round a bullock cart opposite the police post. Men had climbed on to the flat roofs round about. Boys clung to the slender palms. There was excitement everywhere in the deep hush that held the village silent.

Pisa pushed forward. His height and great weight displaced many from his path. Angry faces turned to him, but men were silent when they saw his heavy shoulders and the thick stick grasped in his hand. His sandalled feet scraped on naked heels. A few muttered curses. But all men moved from his way. He saw that someone was standing in the cart.

'Who?' inquired Pisa of his neighbour.

'Sar Bhar.'

'Tsi, I have heard of him.'

'Who has not?'

Pisa fought his way still farther into the crowd, among the coloured turbans and goat-hair combles; the smell of these rough blankets was strong. He peered at the stranger in the cart. A sigh of disappointment escaped his lips.

'This great man Sar Bhar had a sunken chest and the shoulders of a girl; but yet—yes; he had money. He wore a tight jacket buttoned from the waist up to his thin neck. And he was wise, a wise man—he had spectacles. Yes, he was wise,' so thought Pisa.

A seller of datura offered a drink to the Gowda; he bought. Others were buying and drinking. There were many among the crowd selling arrack, and also the maddening drink datura. It was being sold for little. It was cheap. Pisa bought and drank again before he continued to scrutinise the man in the cart.

His skin was dark. 'The blacker the skin and the broader the nose, the more common the jāt,' thought the Gowda. 'Who was this low-caste man to lead, to preach, to advise? But he had a

topee and white trousers and boots—yellow boots, and yet he had pig's eyes.' Pisa thought of the large eyes of the Gowda women. But, again, there had been many stories of this man brought from the coast, and besides he had wealth; he had a cane with a gold head. Yes, he had wealth. 'Let him speak,' muttered Pisa, 'then I will judge.'

Sar Bhar, a broker in mischief, turned slowly round in the cart. His small eyes flashed here and there over the upturned, eager sea of faces. Dull brown, yellow, pale yellow, light brown faces. Flaring caste marks showed among the pointed, red head-coverings of Moslems. The white pugarees of Tamils bumped against the green head-cloths of Budagas, but it was at the wide-open eyes and open mouths, red with the juice of areca and betel leaf, that Sar Bhar looked. 'Children,' he murmured to himself, 'children—clowns from the fields. My task will be easy.'

He pushed his spectacles farther up his nose, removed his topee, and mopped his face with a silk handkerchief. Then he flicked some dust from his black coat and licked his lips.

An appreciative murmur rose round the cart.

From the window of the police post Dru Khan watched. He eyed the man in the cart. 'Rat,' he growled. 'Rat, carrier of plague—budmash.' And then he tapped his gilt buttons.

A noise behind him attracted his attention. He turned and saw one of his six peons creeping out of the door. The man had slipped off his khaki tunic.

'Leaf,' roared the havildar—'Leaf, what wind is blowing you away? Fear? You milk-boned son of a drain!'

The peon hesitated, came back, and stood shaking under the eyes of his superior.

'We are few,' whimpered the peon. 'They are many in the street. Soon they will be angered. What is there to do but run?'

'Fight, you boneless goat's stomach! Put your tunic on.'

The man obeyed.

'Now,' roared the havildar, 'take those down and wait.'

He pointed to a few flint-lock muskets hanging on the wall. The havildar eyed the muskets with disgust. They were old. He wished he and his were armed with short service rifles. The peons took them from their places, dusted them, and having screwed on the three-sided bayonets, the policemen squatted on the stone floor and waited.

Placing one foot on the cart rail Sar Bhar commenced to speak.

'I have come,' he said in a shrill, penetrating voice, 'to tell you that you are fools.'

A chorus of angry 'ah-hahs' greeted his remark. Pisa's voice was loudest in the crowd.

'But,' continued the native, 'you are wise fools, wise because with no one to lead you you have remained quiet. I will show you how to use your wisdom and great strength. You are men, not women.'

A murmur of approval went up from the crowd as it swayed towards the cart.

'There is sweat on your skins, there is dust on your feet. It is the sweat of labour, it is the dust of your lands and of the lands on which you work. Labour from dust gives money. Therefore you have money; but no, it is taken. Your wealth cannot increase, you reap heavier crops and then heavier falls the interest demanded by the spiders in Baheteglur, the money-lenders. And now, I hear, because the crops weigh heavy the tax-collectors may demand greater taxes. It is law, made by strange men. If you refuse to pay your lands are taken, police peons come to see no harm befalls those who have bought your lands and those who take the taxes.'

'There should be peace under the sun. You have no peace. Your thoughts go to the bazaar of Baheteglur, where the merchants sleep upon their money-bags, where the white walls of the treasury guard the taxes you have paid. You murmur. What heed does the Deputy take of murmurs? Murmurs cannot push down walls or break the bones of police peons.'

"You must pay," say the tax-collectors.

'You journey to Baheteglur to some yellow-faced Chetty. He gives you money. A paper is stamped. You have promised to pay maybe double the amount that you carry away, and so from misery to misery you journey until your lands are gone.'

'Yhai-ah hiah!' The voice of the crowd was angry, though subdued.

Sar Bhar's shrill voice went on afresh.

'Three days ago the last taxes were paid for the year. They lie in Baheteglur. They have not yet been taken away to some other place. News of my coming has sighed to the ears of the Deputy. The sahibs from their bungalows in the hills come to guard those taxes.'

'They come every year,' said a voice, 'to play cricket.'

'Tsu-zhi!' hissed Sar Bhar. 'This year they have rifles. The turn motors passed me this day flying as the wind to Baheteglur lest this comp should be late, before you go to demand your taxes back and to howl you pay no more. The

'But if you go and with quiet tongues demand the return of your money—tsa, it is the money of which you have been robbed—delirium the police will drive you like cattle into the drains, beat you with 'To lathis. Listen, my men have cut the wires about Baheteglur, From the messages can travel through the night. Will you go, with cutties the cro and with bandooks, to fight, to take what is yours, to strike Torches the peace? Yes, use whatever bandooks come your way, be the thro bird-guns, police carbines or soldiers' rifles—strike!' eyes

'Even as I have—I.' Pisa's drunken tones rose above the uproar walls of that had broken out round Sar Bhar. distance

'I have killed two,' he yelled, 'two of Bhurni Haji's men—the 'Yh are dead by my hand. I go to-night to Baheteglur. The sun the fur red and low now. Before it rises I will kill Bhurni Haji.' night of

Pisa pointed to the pink-stained feathered sky. 'Before Hra the roo becomes yellow I will kill.' was Ba

'Do you need to hear more?' shouted Sar Bhar. 'I will be the bridge of Baheteglur. I cannot hide from you—be sure of me 'Yh I am marked.' He pointed to three pock marks above his right mob dr eye. 'See the mark? I will wait to show you how the treasure 'Th may be robbed.' compar

'Sar Bhar, I arrest you for making troubles, and Pisa Gowd 'Th but also

A hush fell on the crowd when the havildar's powerful voice ran He over th above the din that had greeted Pisa's confession.

Three hundred and more angry faces turned towards the police there a house, where the havildar stood with his six peons outside the door. There s Seven lean muzzles pointed into the heart of the crowd. For there s minute there was silence. Then a stone hissed through the air. renzie 'Th Seven muskets spat fire. Pisa fell with three others, and then with to-nigh an angry roar the crowd surged towards the small band of police. ings The havildar fought stubbornly, but his men with less enthusiasm. straight Dru Khan fell, hacked and torn by a whirlwind of heavy cutties. Bal Two of his men slithered to the ground dead, and the rest threw Bal their muskets to the crowd and declared themselves brothers, but 'W their cries were not understood, and they fell too, battered horribly 'In among the feet of the encircling madmen. They l

Sar Bhar's lips curled, his piggy eyes contracted as he watched



fies. The turmoil about the door of the police-post. He signed to two of  
r lest the his companions and slipped quickly down an alley, leaving the mob  
and to see to howl and dance on the bodies of the dead police.

The orgy continued until the battered forms lay shapeless and  
return almost covered. The crowd had passed from madness into a sotted  
robbed delirium. Some one shouted :

you with 'To Baheteglur.'

From mouth to mouth the wild cry went up. In a jostling mass  
teglur, the crowd streamed out of the village towards the main road.  
th cutting the torches guttered into life, it seemed, from nowhere. And as they,  
strike for the throng of drunken natives, turned along the highway, every pair  
be the of eyes was fixed on the lights of Baheteglur, where the clustered  
he uproar walls of the bazaar appeared, a white, shapeless smudge in the  
distance, under the moon.

men—the 'Yhai-hah-yhi; yhai, hah-yhi!' A tom-tom added its drone to  
the sun the furious yells. A warm wind carried the sound through the  
night over the sleeping paddy-fields to the bazaar of Baheteglur.

Before Hradra Rao, the Deputy Commissioner of the district, leaned on  
the roof parapet of the treasury building. Standing by his side  
will be was Bahur Dlaani, the inspector of police.

re of the 'Yhai-hah-yhi; yhai, hah-yhi.' The chant of the approaching  
his right mob drifted to their ears.

treasury 'They come, Bahur; they come,' said the Deputy quietly to his  
companion.

a Gowd 'They come,' answered the Moslem, 'not only from Drimoga,  
but also from Unti and Warlupore. See!'

voice ran He pointed over the roof of the neighbouring club-house and then  
over the flat roofs of the darkened bazaar. From both directions  
the police there approached a straggling line of torches. Flickering pin  
the door icks of light growing in size at every minute. Beneath their light  
For there surged a dark confused mass—men, marching men; their  
the air the chorused chants sounded louder.

men with 'This morning, Bahur, we played cricket against the Europeans,  
f police to-night what game do we play?' The Hindu's lean, delicate  
musicians fingers drummed on the parapet. He pulled his waisted drill-coat  
cuttle straight and then once more looked over sleeping houses to the lines  
at threat torches.

ers, but Bahur Dlaani grunted. 'We play no game, we become bowled.'

horribly 'What of the police in the villages?' asked the Deputy.

'In Unti and Warlupore the havildars are Hindus—cowards.  
watched they have fled or have joined the budmashes with their men. In



Drimoga there was Dru Khan, my half-brother. He will have fought. As he has not come, he must be dead.'

'So you think,' smiled the Deputy, 'that all Hindus are cowards.'  
'Not all.'

The Deputy Commissioner laughed. 'Tell me, how many police have we in our barracks?'

'There are none.'

'None! Why?'

'They have fled.'

'Tsu! and I think every man was a Moslem of your choosing.'

Bahur Dlaani swore into his beard.

'Yes, but I remain.'

'We are powerless. My secretary has gone to try to make the merchants arm and defend themselves. Come, we will go down.'

The Deputy looked once again at the lines of torches. A gramophone was playing in the planters' club. He heard a hearty burst of laughter come from the veranda.

'I will write a note to the Europeans, Bahur, which you will take to them. I will explain, and ask them to fire if the crowd attacks the treasury. Perhaps, Bahur, you had better stay with them.'

'And you, Hradra Rao?' asked the Moslem.

'I go up a tree—all Hindus of my jāt are cowards. Salaam.'  
'Salaam.'

## IX.

It was late when Shendaw woke; well after nine o'clock. He dressed leisurely and walked from the sleeping quarters over to the main club-house. There was only Phil Saunders from the south at the breakfast-table, the others had already gone out to see the start of the match against the Indian officials.

'Good morning, Staines; we are batting first. I had hoped to put you in third, but you were asleep when I put my head into your room,' said Saunders.

'Sorry, but that drive yesterday made me tired. I was driving behind Tibberd, and you know the pace he keeps up. It seems unusually hot to-day; it always is for these matches.' Shendaw wiped his forehead as he sat down.

'Yes,' went on Saunders, 'it is hot; but no getting out of it, two wickets down for six—hallo, there goes another—it's Tibberd.'

Saunders tilted his chair back and looked through the open double doors. Beyond the compound, in the centre of a field baked brown by the sun, he could see the fielders squatting in their places while Tibberd walked slowly from his wicket to the tent that sheltered the planters' team. Another white figure was leaving the awning and going out to meet Tibberd; an outburst of clapping came to the ears of the two planters in the dining-hall.

'Who is that going out?' asked Shendaw.

'Turner. The natives generally give him a clap; he is popular, very popular. I am sorry he is going. I hear you've got his place, Sisonoo.'

'Yes,' answered Shendaw slowly. He was looking out of the window to which he had gone to get a better view of the field. He did not notice the butler put his breakfast on the table. He stood watching the play. Turner was batting well, hitting carefully, and puzzling the Indian fielders. Hugh Binway was putting up a stubborn defence.

'Who is that bowling? He is dead on.' Shendaw came back to the table and sat down.

'That's Rao Chandra, the Deputy's new secretary. An Oxford man. It's curious to see them together. The Deputy, as you know, is a very well-educated man, but he is an Indian first and foremost, he has never been to Europe. He is proud of his own religion, and the strictest of Hindus. Rao Chandra, on the other hand, does not observe the more ornate part of Hinduism, he laughs at it; but he is very efficient, a good administrator, twice as good as the Deputy, and an excellent bowler. Look, there goes Turner's middle stump! Heavens! we are doing badly.'

'I notice,' said Shendaw, without looking out of the door, 'that the crowd is not particularly big—not as big as usual. This match generally attracts the whole bazaar. Last year there were hundreds round the field.'

'Well, you see, there is a little trouble round about. Crops threaten to be very heavy and the money-lenders are pressing for the payment of long outstanding debts, plus the usual interest, and that is very heavy. Bhurni Haji started it. He has been pressing not only the Chettys in the bazaar, but also for the repayment of loans that he has given direct. The Chettys are demanding payment to meet Bhurni's demands, and so there is trouble. The lenders are legally entitled to demand payment, and the Deputy finds himself bound to see the debts are collected or protect Bhurni's

agents when they go to evict the ryots and sell their lands. And, besides, the Moplah trouble on the coast has come up in the mouths of cartmen—general unrest—everybody with a grievance is muttering; but it's not serious, it will die down. And now, Staines, will you go out and go in when the next wicket falls? We must put up a good game. These natives have been practising hard for weeks, and besides their wind is perfect and their eyes, as usual, terribly quick. Come on.' Saunders pushed back his chair and got up.

'I think,' said Shendaw, following suit, 'you had better put me in last. I want to go into the bazaar, and I may not be back in time even to go in last.'

'But you must. There is no one to take your place, only a funny little fellow called Higgins. He has been carrying cushions about for Mrs. Binway all the morning. She called him a dear, funny man, and from that moment he has been her slave.'

'I'll try and get back. But Higgins will be just as useful if I am not in time. So long!'

Shendaw took down his topee and went out of the club. He glanced at the game. He could see the lanky Hugh Binway stubbornly blocking Rao Chandra's deadly balls, but he could not see who the other batsman was. The crowd squatting round the boundary near the awning was indeed unusually small.

He turned towards the bazaar and left the shelter of the casuarinas by which the club grounds were shaded and emerged into the yellow glare of the sun. He walked slowly to the head of the main street, with Bhurni Haji's blue-washed house on his right and the treasury building on his left. He noticed a few women in Bhurni's garden, weeding the flower-beds; in the shaded veranda of the treasury building there were a dozen police peons, which, it occurred to Shendaw, was an unusual number. He walked on up the narrow street of open stalls. There were few carts moving up and down the road, everything seemed normal and quiet—very quiet. And yet there was a difference. Some of the stalls were shuttered and locked, and the planter noticed that many of the shady alleys sheltered groups of men. They were all talking in subdued tones and earnestly. Many a head turned to him as he went slowly through the street up to the post office; many a pair of eyes was raised as he passed by, and he noticed more than one man scowl at him. But otherwise the bazaar's appearance was quiet and sleepy, under the torpid influence of the sun. There

seemed to be no very marked indication that anything or that anyone was nibbling at the drowsy complacency of the bazaar and the country round. The air was heavy with the scents of mint, soogee, roasted barley, and overripe melons. Badajogee dozed behind his rack of bottles, waiting for the ailing to consult him; waiting to prescribe kite's dung, violet essence, or tamarind syrup, not with any regard to the professed illness of his clients, but with respect for the length and weight of his patients' purses. Cloth merchants were reaching lazily up to their packed shelves to display daintily tinted cloths before the admiring eyes of travelling Budagas, and near the post-office veranda a baboo laboriously painted a letter for a love-sick Llambadi youth, while a dhurzi opposite shouted comments as the boy dictated his frank and impassioned praise to some beauty who was more wondrous than any jungle flower and more lovely than a score of tunitsias garbed in the lustrous dew of dawn. There were naked children playing in the drains, there were old men sleeping under the shade of portia trees and old women grinding corn between flat stones, while their daughters chattered round the well, near which a bridge carried the road out of Baheteglur, so that it could wind eastward to Madur and thence on for many miles to Bangalore. Baheteglur was quiet, but in the alleys there were the groups of muttering men, and Shendaw realised that they were strangers, waiting to swell the ranks of rioters should trouble burst suddenly upon the bazaar.

Shendaw mounted the steps of the low post-office building under the cool thatched roof. He sat down in a chair and lit his pipe, well aware that Rhat Bahamee was squinting at him as he bent over the small table at which he sat.

'Well, postmaster, how are you?'

The Hindu looked up with feigned surprise.

'Ah, Mis-ter Staines, it is you. You have come to play cricket, but then why are you not playing?'

'That,' said Shendaw, 'is what I have come to ask you. You are one of the great enthusiasts and usually are included in the team. Why aren't you playing?'

'You see, Mis-ter Staines, there is a new Secretary at the treasury, Rao Chandra. He is always in a hurry. He has been to England and learnt to hurry. My methods are not quite so quick—so we have had a difference—several differences—he is captain of the Baheteglur team, he asked me to play, but I—well, I dislike the man.'

'Oh, I see; I'm sorry. I hoped to be able to bowl you again this year. However, as you are sitting ready for work, Bahamee, I will give you a job. I want to send a telegram.' Shendaw reached forward for a telegraph form, but the native's thin hand slid over the pile.

'It is useless, sir; it cannot be done. The line is damaged in every direction. The in-ability of the en-gineers to pro-mote continuous com-munication is most, most un-fortunate!'

'Who has damaged the lines?'

'Who can say?'

'Will they be in order this evening?'

'Who can say?'

For a minute there was silence. Then Shendaw leaned forward and snapped a question at the Hindu.

'How much will you take to send a telegram?'

The native's eyes opened in surprise. He avoided the planter's gaze.

'The usual charge is eight annas for twelve words.'

'I will make it five rupees per word.'

The Hindu fiddled with a pencil and smiled at Shendaw's offer.

'Perhaps, Mr. Staines, if you rejoined your people in the club-house it would be as well. Baheteglur is a little feverish.'

The long pencil tapped the table, and a slight inclination of Bahamee's head caused Shendaw to look across the road. The baboo had finished painting the letter for the Llambadi youth. Both had gone, and in their place were eight idlers squatting before the dhurzi's house. Their backs were towards the post office, but the planter noticed that the dhurzi's eyes were not wholly occupied in watching the needle of his sewing-machine. He gave quick glances at the post office, and on each occasion mumbled something to the idlers.

'I think,' said Shendaw, as he got up from his chair, 'I will go back to the club. But tell me, why are there so many strangers in Baheteglur to-day?'

'I do perhaps not quite know,' replied the Rhat Bahamee. 'Perhaps there is a little festival to-night. It may be that.'

'It may be that, of course.' Shendaw smiled at the native's bland face as he turned away and retraced his steps down the main street.

A native lurched against him from out of a house. Shendaw gripped him by the shoulder and shook him against a wall.

'My father, it was a mistake, sahib. I am your servant.' The man raised his hands in salute, three times to his forehead.

The planter let him go and passed on. And as he did so he heard several men titter from the black depths of an alley. He noticed many more of the stalls had been shuttered and locked, many more than when he had passed up the street earlier in the morning.

As he approached the club-house grounds he saw that the playing field was empty and that the number of police on the treasury veranda had increased. On entering the club he found lunch was in progress. Shendaw sat down next to Tibberd and told him of what had happened in the bazaar.

'Nothing will happen before night, but I suggest one of us stays near the door of the armoury. Saunders has got the key—nothing like being ready. We should look very cheap if the few I.A.F. rifles were stolen.'

'Mr. Staines, dear man, I hoped to see you bat this morning. Where were you?' Mrs. Binway leaned over the table. 'Dear man, you are looking so serious.'

'I was unfortunately engaged.'

'I took your place,' piped the diminutive Higgins. 'I made three—in one hit.'

'A magnificent hit, you funny man.' Mrs. Binway patted Higgins' shoulder and he smiled with pleasure.

Phil Saunders rose and said that at dinner they would toast Turner as it was his last day at Baheteglur, and Turner tried to smile, but was not successful. Marjorie's hand slipped into his for a moment as the company rose to go on to the veranda. Turner patted it, but did not look at her.

Before the play was resumed Tibberd had told every man to stay in the club-house after tea and not to separate and go to the sleeping quarters, and he told those of the planters who had wives to see that their women-folk did not go into the bazaar. Phil Saunders reluctantly gave up the key of the armoury and laughed at Tibberd's precautions.

'Only a breeze, Tibberd, nothing serious; but do as you like—it's only a breeze.'

'That may be, but Mr. Tibberd is right. The Deputy may need the assistance of you gentlemen—the police—well, they are badly paid.'

It was Rao Chandra's deep voice that broke in upon the



conversation. He had come on to the veranda to announce that his team was ready to bat.

'What do you expect?' Shendaw asked, as he led the secretary towards the field.

'To be quite frank, Mr. Staines, I expect trouble. As you know, it comes easily in these small bazaars—the tempers of children are capricious. But let us wait until later.'

By five o'clock the Indian officials were all out, and the two teams and the onlookers streamed back to the club. The Deputy was in high spirits and congratulated the secretary on the success of his team.

'Last year, under my leadership, we lost by ten runs; this year we have won by twenty.'

'And next year you will lose by fifty,' laughed Saunders. 'You see my brother is coming out. He is good, darned good.'

'I know,' said Rao Chandra. 'I have seen him play at Oxford.'

It was after eight when Shendaw walked slowly up and down outside the club. Only a few lights were showing from out the white, indistinct smudge of the neighbouring houses of the bazaar. The treasury was a blaze of light. The night was silent and warm, almost heavy with heat. Only the howls of bazaar dogs disturbed the stillness. From inside the club came the hum of conversation, punctuated by the high-pitched voice of Mrs. Binway. Once Shendaw heard Marjorie laugh gaily, and once he heard Hugh Binway's languid voice answering Tibberd. The gramophone was playing 'Paddy Macginty's Goat,' and Saunders sang scraps of the cheerful tune. Saunders had a good voice. Shendaw stopped to listen for a minute. The song came to an end and was followed by a burst of applause. Shendaw smiled when he heard the gay laughter. He was looking at Baheteglur and the shifting shadows.

'Shadows out there,' he mumbled, 'laughter in the club. Damned funny, people always—laugh before, before things—happen.' He turned and resumed his pacing.

The butler appeared in the door and told him that dinner was ready. He went in and sat down in his place. All the time he was alert for any sound that might come from the bazaar. He only heard a woman wailing in Bhurni's house and the clatter of arms as the police peons moved on the veranda of the treasury.

Dinner was nearly over when Bahur Dlaani came to the door and saluted.

'I have a note for Mr. Turner. It is to say that the Deputy



and his secretary will be unable to take coffee and to play bridge to-night.'

'How are things going, Dlaani?' asked Tibberd.

The police inspector smiled. 'Not well. There are quite five troops of men even now coming into Baheteglur—my police peons have disappeared—suddenly. I advise you to shut your doors and fill up the windows. The Deputy hopes you will fire at anyone who approaches the treasury.'

'Why on earth did not the Deputy tell us before that things are as bad as they are?'

'We hoped,' said Dlaani, 'to be able to stop the trouble; we did not think—'

A shot cracked from the darkness outside. Dlaani staggered, reeled, and fell a twisted heap on the threshold. A big vase on the centre of the table collapsed in a spray of shattered fragments, and the keyboard of the piano was ripped to splinters by the spent bullet that had killed the Mohammedan.

'Dear me,' squeaked Higgins.

'How funny!' whimpered Mrs. Binway.

Tibberd was the first on his feet.

'The women go into the inner room and lie on the floor. Saunders and Mallit to the west windows; Trueburn and Hales to the east side; Higgins here by the door with Apley; Binway at the double window; and Turner and Staines on the south side—and the rest remain here for a minute. Where is Staines?'

Someone said 'Not here.'

'Damn him,' muttered Tibberd. 'Now get the rifles. Burns, take Staines' place.'

Three minutes after Dlaani fell dead in the door the men had arranged themselves in the places allotted to them. Tables and couches were pushed into the doorways, windows were flung open and some unhinged to avoid the danger of splintered glass, and all lights were put out.

Quiet, dead quiet reigned outside. Every light went out in the treasury building. There were no lights to be seen in the bazaar. Rats scurried through the grass by the bungalow wall, bats dipped and turned in their flight against the moon. A dog howled, and from the farthest side of the bazaar came an outburst of shouting, then quiet again, and then a woman shrieked in Bhurni the money-lender's house, and in the next instant flames flared up in the interior of the building, and Burns fired at a white shadowy

figure that moved in some shrubs in front of him. Two muzzle-loaders barked a reply, and their charge sputtered against the club wall. Burns fired again. Then silence came.

The men waited, crouching below their windows and by the side of the doors. Most of them were smoking. Tibberd heard Mrs. Binway whimpering in the inner room, and he heard Marjorie trying to console her. He stopped before the door, and as he did so Saunders' wife came out with a tray load of cups.

'Coffee,' she said when she saw Tibberd.

'Thank you, Mrs. Saunders; keep away from the windows.' He followed her round the club. He went down the corridor and found Trueburn and Hales alert. They were taking it in turns at the window, peering at the dim outline of the bazaar buildings lying across the bare compound outside. There was no light, no sound, no movement.

Tibberd heard a noise in the darkest corner of the room. 'What's that?'

Trueburn laughed. 'The butler saying his prayers.'

At the south window Burns was watching Bhurni's house burn. The flames were dying down. As Tibberd joined him the roof fell in with a crash, again a woman shrieked, and for a minute flames and sparks shot high into the air. When they had subsided the darkness outside seemed more intense than ever. Turner was dozing against the wall with his rifle between his knees. Mrs. Saunders put a cup of coffee by his side without waking him and then passed on. Mallit and Saunders were watching from the west side.

'Nothing moving on the road, Tibberd; but I believe there are some of the devils in that grass under those trees.' Saunders nodded at a group of slender trunks that stood out against the clear sky. Tibberd lifted his rifle and fired. A long-drawn 'ah-hah' greeted the shot and a muzzle-loader spat from the grass bank. Saunders fired, but no reply came.

'See that Helen does not leave the inner room again, will you?' Saunders whispered to Tibberd as he watched his wife disappear from the room. Tibberd nodded.

Near the main door Higgins was kneeling by the side of Apley, who was lying full length behind the upturned table. A little to his right Binway was whistling uneasily.

'Most uncanny,' murmured Higgins—'most uncanny. Whenever I look I see swarms of men crawling round the treasury, swarms

of them, and whoever it was who fired just now made me jump, nearly pulled this trigger. I hate guns, so noisy, so very noisy——'

Tibberd peered round the door-post at the white treasury building. He could see nothing moving, except the restless flap of palm leaves. They were scraping against the talug office wall. A clump of bamboos were creaking dismally, but there was no movement of men. There were none to be seen. Tibberd sat down by the side of Higgins. The little man started when wild yells suddenly filled the night with hideous echoes. The din came from the farthest side of the bazaar. Burns appeared out of the corridor.

'Bahetglur is burning in several places,' he said with a grin on his face.

'Good,' mumbled Tibberd. 'Good. Anything to occupy the devils—but where on earth is Staines? Have you any idea, Burns?'

'No, none. He is a queer fellow. He is probably busy right in the heart of things. No good worrying.' Burns turned away to join Turner at the window.

An hour passed, and then another. The hubbub in the bazaar increased. Flames rose high into the air as they consumed a wrecked line of stores. They were wreaking their fiery depredation with increased fury, for a wind had sprung up and was sighing from over the paddy-fields, out of the Bababoodan foothills. But to the waiting planters the frenzied noises coming from the bazaar were welcome. They filled the long minutes. The first half-hour had been the worst—it had been silent, it had breathed threats from every side; but now there was something to listen to, and besides it was in Bahetglur; it meant that at least half of the budmashes were occupied with looting.

'Something moving.' Apley's voice was low. It shook with excitement. Tibberd crawled to his side.

'Out there in that manni grass, see, someone is crawling this way.'

'Don't fire,' whispered Tibberd; 'it may be Staines.'

A point of flame spat from the grass. A bullet thudded into one of the table legs.

'Not Staines,' said Apley, as he sent two shots in quick succession into the grass. They were followed by a yell. A white-clothed figure leaped up, twirled round, and fell clear of the grass on to the bare earth of the compound, and lay still.

'Got him,' said Apley. 'Got him.' And then he added, 'That grass is dangerous. A dozen of the swine might crawl up

to us and rush this door. I think we had better set it on fire. I'll go out.'

'No, no—decidedly no. I will go.' It was Higgins. He had crawled unseen to Tibberd's side. 'I will go. You see, I can't fire, but I can strike matches. I hate rifles—they are so noisy. But I can set grass on fire.'

Tibberd looked at Apley. He shrugged his shoulders. Tibberd hesitated before replying to the little man. In the hazy light he could see the eager round face. Higgins' eyes were sparkling.

'All right,' said Tibberd. 'But crawl all the way, and when you've got the grass burning run like blazes back here.'

Higgins crawled round the table and over the veranda. He rolled down the steps and landed in a heap on the hard compound.

'Dear me,' he said; 'dear me!'

Tibberd and Apley watched the little man pull himself towards the grass. Apley laughed softly as he saw the small round figure heaving across the gravel. Yard by yard went Higgins until he was only a dark blur to the two men in the club. They saw him reach the grass and crawl into it.

A flame flickered up and then the grass patch became convulsed. A frightened cry rent the night and then came a piercing yell—then silence, a heavy silence.

The grass was burning. Dark shapes rose out of it and bolted back to the shadows under the trees, and then all was still.

The two planters could see a huddled form silhouetted against the burning grass. It was Higgins.

'I'll fetch him in.' Apley prepared to rush out to the little man.

Tibberd caught his arm.

'No good, Apley—no good. Why the hell did I let him go! Poor devil—oh God! They got him; there must have been a dozen of them there. God! Why did I let him go?'

*(To be continued.)*

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## THE LADY WITH THE RED HAIR.

BY STANLEY J. WEYMAN.

### PART I.

HER name was Elisabeth. She was born in the purple and she died in it. She was a bride before she was thirteen, and she was thrice wedded before she was sixteen. Tragedy darkened her early years, and slander was busy with her name before in our time she would have put up her hair. In her childhood a puppet, she passed from hand to hand as greed or party-spirit willed. In middle life a great lady, she swayed a sovereign and influenced in no small degree her country's fortunes. She had red hair; had that not been so, or had a famous writer been colour-blind, the Stuarts might have been once more restored and the Hanover succession have been at least delayed. Her memory is embalmed in one trite but pregnant anecdote, in four lines apt but too plain-spoken for these days, and in a virulent libel once famous.

She was born seven years after the Restoration, and was left fatherless at the age of four. We may picture her as a little bundle of spreading petticoats toddling unsteadily through the stately homes that were her very own—Alnwick Castle and Petworth and Sion House by Isleworth. Or we may fancy her clinging to the hand of the burly porter who from the gate of Northumberland House, her London seat, watched the tide of brawling, roistering life that swept by it to its gay neighbour, Whitehall. For she was a great heiress, the only child of the last male Percy of the old line, the daughter of the last of those Earls of Northumberland who had ruled England north of Trent with semi-royal power, and had, almost within men's memories, shattered their feudal levies against the Tudors' throne. A baroness in her own right, she might as soon as she could scrawl sign her name in six different styles, though as often as not she was called, simply though improperly, 'My little Lady Northumberland.'

She had for mother another Elisabeth, an heiress also; a daughter of the last Wriothsley Earl of Southampton, one of the seven men who since the Restoration have held the office of Lord Treasurer. He was a statesman of the older school and the nobler kind, the friend of Clarendon and of Ormond. The mother

was a noted beauty. Pepys saw her at her father's house a month or so after the little Elisabeth's birth. 'Here,' he notes, 'I saw the Lady Northumberland and her daughter in law, my Lady Peirey, a beautiful lady indeed.' And Evelyn, writing fourteen years later, was even then of that opinion, for he calls her 'ye most beautiful Countess of Northumberland.' Probably she had been wedded in extreme youth, for her husband, Earl Joscelyn, who died at Turin after leaving her at Paris in the care of John Locke the philosopher, was no more than eighteen at the time of their marriage.

Attractions so great and a fortune of £6,000 a year—with so much was the widow credited—were not likely to go long unsought at the Court of Charles the Second, and when our Elisabeth was no more than five her mother became the wife of Ralph Montagu, afterwards—many years afterwards—the first Duke of Montagu. He made no promising step-father. Ugly, stout, and of a coarse, dark complexion, yet notorious for his successes with women, Montagu was a scheming, ambitious man, in public life a politician of the unscrupulous school that revolutions breed; 'as arrant a knave as any in his time,' Swift says. And the beautiful Countess had no happy life with him. The wedding was hardly over before scandal had it that she accused him of buying her from her maid for an annuity of £500 a year. But she was, with all her charms, a weak woman, living for pleasure and play, and easily swayed, and she put up with him. And bad man and selfish husband as he was, he had one redeeming feature: he had some taste in the fine arts, and cheek by jowl with Southampton House, the stately home of his wife's family, he built, in Southampton Fields, Montagu House, afterwards and for many years the British Museum. So that our little Elisabeth was probably at home in these two great houses that looked over the open fields to Hampstead and Highgate, as well as in her own Northumberland House with its lettered cornice atop and its river gardens, where walking with her governess the child could hear echoes of the gay life of Whitehall, or see Charles and his ladies pass to and fro upon the shining Thames.

The mother, it turned out, had parted with more than herself. On her re-marriage the child passed—under her father's will it would seem—into the hands of her grandmother, also an Elisabeth, the widow of Algernon the tenth Earl of Northumberland, a greedy, ambitious, masterful woman, a Howard by birth and the terror of her family. The mother made some fight for the child. Rachel Lady Russell, whose devotion to her unfortunate husband has kept

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her memory sweet, was that mother's half-sister ; and she records in September 1672, soon after the marriage :

'The Lady Northumberlands have met at Northumberland House. After some propositions offered by my sister to the other which were discoursed first yesterday before my Lord Chancellor between the elder lady and Mr. Montagu, Lord Suffolk, by my sister offers to deliver up the child upon condition she will promise she shall have her on a visit for ten days or a month sometimes, and that she will enter into bonds not to marry the child without the mother's consent, nor till she is of years of consent ; and on her part Mr. Montagu and she will enter into the same bonds that when she is with them or at no time they will marry or contract any marriage for her without the grandmother's consent. But she was stout yesterday and would not hear anything yet went to Northumberland House and gave my sister a visit. I hope for an accommodation. My sister urges it is hard for her child (that if she has no other children must be her heir) should be disposed of without her consent ; and in my judgment it is hard, yet I am not very apt to be partial.'

Apparently the grandmother's right was clear, and the mother's efforts had small effect, for the younger Lady Northumberland writing to her sister three years later says, after a word about a child by her second marriage :

'My other girl thrives mighty well, and kept her birthday here where you were wished for, but it did not pass so well as the last she kept with me. For most unfortunately we were disappointed of our gamesters, and play being the only thing can engage her grandmother to stay abroad past her hour, failing of that she carried her home at seven o'clock, which was a great disappointment, having some of her young company and fiddles.'

So there we see the young dancers footing it in some stately room of Montagu House, and the lady of eight swept away, tearful or sulking, from her fiddles. But apart from this glimpse all that we know of Elisabeth at this time is that she was now in the hands of one who was not only determined to make her profitable in the future, but in the present was likely to keep a tight hand upon her.

'She lived [Horace Walpole writes, referring to the old dowager Countess] in the house now White's at the upper end of St. James' Street, and was the last who kept up the ceremonious state of the old peerage ; when she went out to visit, a footman, bare-

headed, walked on each side of her coach, and a second coach with her women attended her. I think too that Lady Suffolk (her niece by marriage) told me that her grand-daughter [our Elisabeth] the Duchess of Somerset never sat down before her without her leave to do so.'

For a time, however, the old Dowager appears to have left her own house in St. James's Street for Northumberland House; though it is probable that the child spent most of her days at Petworth and Sion House. It is still more probable that at her tender age Elisabeth was unaware that her fortunes were becoming the talk of every coffee-house, and that her name was beginning to be bandied from law-court to law-court. For there was alarm at Charing Cross, and panic in the breasts of her dependants lest she who was reputed the greatest heiress in England should turn out to be no heiress at all. A claimant to the honours and estates of the Percys had sprung out of the dark in the shape of one James Percy, a trunkmaker of Dublin, a man of means who, whatever was the truth, believed honestly and doggedly in his pretensions. He came of a stock known as the Percys of Pavenham, and he asserted that Earl Algernon, the old Dowager's husband, had recognised him as the rightful heir.

But he could not show his own descent beyond his grandfather; and though there were circumstances in the troubled history of the later Percys which gave colour to his claim, he did not know, in his ignorance of the pedigree, to which branch of the family to attach his grandfather. He first alleged a descent from a certain Sir Richard Percy, fifth son of the eighth Earl, and taking him for his great-grandfather, presented his petition to the House of Lords. The petition was dismissed: Sir Richard had died only twenty-four years before, and it was shown to be impossible that he could have a great-grandson already fifty-five years of age. Undeterred by this defeat, James Percy two years later sued a person for calling him an impostor, and though non-suited on a point of law he drew from the Judge, Sir Matthew Hale, some strong expressions in favour of his claim. Encouraged by this, he derived from old Lady Dorset a romantic story to the effect that some of the Percy children had been sent to the south of England in hampers during the troubles in Elizabeth's reign; and basing himself on the legend he propounded a new pedigree attaching himself to a certain Sir Ingelram Percy. Sir Ingelram, it was then shown, had died unmarried; but James, undaunted by this second failure, persevered

and continued in one form or another the unequal fight, the old Dowager meantime sitting grim and repellent on her muniments, and bringing all the family wealth and influence to bear against the unfortunate claimant. Nor is it likely that she was very scrupulous in her methods. He asserted, and probably with truth, that when he went north to Alnwick in search of proof, her agents attempted his life, and did succeed in robbing him of his papers.

Withal he was not unsupported. He had the sympathy of the crowd in his unequal battle against the great, and his honesty was generally acknowledged, though an unfounded report that he was a Roman Catholic—set about, he complained, by his opponents—did him harm, by identifying him with a party that was at the time unpopular.

In the course of the suit many odd circumstances came to light. He had no sooner stated his proofs than other claimants entered the lists, among them a stone-cutter, Percy, at Cambridge; and a fact still more remarkable is stated by Brenan in his clear and copious account of the claim—namely, that there was most certainly living at Beverley until 1680, when he died without issue, an undoubted heir to the Earldom who never put in a claim. It is curious, too, that James Percy made no attempt to connect his line with Thomas Percy the conspirator who had been concerned in Guy Fawkes' plot, and who, it was acknowledged, had left a family that had passed into obscurity.

The end did not come until 1689, when the Revolution seems to have strengthened the influence arrayed against James Percy. Old and impoverished, but still persistent, the ill-fated claimant was then branded as an impostor, and sentenced to go through the Courts bearing a placard with the words 'The False and Impudent Pretender to the Earldom of Northumberland' pinned to his breast. Whether this sentence was ever carried out seems to be uncertain. One of his sons became Lord Mayor of Dublin, another son was Mayor of Cambridge, and James Percy himself has been thought worthy of an article in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.'

So the peril which had its comic as well as its tragic side—a trunkmaker, forsooth, to be Earl of Northumberland!—eventually passed away, but long before the claim had reached its final stages the child had other troubles to meet—or, for aught we know, they may have been at her age amusements. She was in the marriage-market from her infancy. The first application for her appears to have

been made by the King himself, who in 1679—Brenan in his 'History of the House of Percy' prints the royal letter—wrote to her grandmother proposing that the child should marry his natural son George Fitzroy, who had been, some time before this and rather prematurely, created Earl of Northumberland. Why the old lady declined an offer the acceptance of which would have arrayed the influence of the Court against James Percy, we do not know; we can only conjecture that she did not see her advantage in it. Or the proud old woman may have had, unscrupulous as she was, a prejudice in favour of legitimate blood. At any rate she declined the offer, and a few months later we find her contemplating a match which is first foreshadowed in a letter written by Lady Russell:

'My sister Northumberland [she writes to her husband] had last night a letter from the Lady Northumberland; all the account she gives her is that if her grandchild likes the addresses of my lord Ogle better than any others, she shall accept them: this is the whole, for all the rest of her letter is some kind of notice how severe she hears she is against her in her ordinary discourse. My lord Ogle is come to town for certain I think.'

The suitor was the only son of Henry Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle and the grandson of Duke William, the royalist general who wrote on horsemanship. The boy was fourteen years old, weakly both in body and mind, and if Elisabeth liked his addresses better than any others her taste was strange, for as described by Lady Sunderland, a connection of the Percy family, he was not a youth to catch the eye.

'My lord Ogle does prove [she says] the saddest creature of all kinds that could have been fit to be named for my lady Percy, as ugly as anything young can be. The ladies of Northumberland House are going to Petworth, and he to his father to have good council.'

But sickly as he was, the lad was the sole hope of his father's house, heir to Welbeck Abbey and the vast Cavendish estates in the Midlands as well as to the Ogle property in the north, and the marriage took place early in 1679, when the bride was barely twelve years old. It would appear that the affair was concluded against the will of Elisabeth's mother, for in April of that year Lady Russell addressed to her niece, the bride, a letter strangely formal in tone, considering the age of the recipient, and grave in matter, adjuring

her to make the amende to her mother, 'whose tender kindness you cannot but be convinced of.'

'My Lord of Essex [she begins—he was Elisabeth's uncle], on Saturday morning sent me your Ladyship's letter. In it I find the change you have made in your condition. You have my prayers and wishes, dear Lady Ogle, that it may prove as fortunate to you as ever it did to any, and that you may know happiness to a good old age. But, madam, I do not think you can be completely so with a misunderstanding between so near a relation as a mother.'

And she goes on to say that the mother could not think that

'avoiding to see so many alike qualified to make their addresses to you was the way to make you so impartial as you say in your letter you believe that you have been.'

It was a letter most creditable to the writer, but in its assumption that the match was the work of the child not yet in her teens, it is odd. Probably it was framed for the grandmother's reading, and though Elisabeth showed a little later that she had a will of her own, it can hardly be doubted that this marriage was brought about by the old Dowager. Her motives Sir John Reresby seems to sum up when, on October 28, 1680, he records the bridegroom's early death:

'My lord Ogle, only son of the Duke of Newcastle, died, who had he lived would have been the greatest subject for estate of the Kingdom, being married to the only daughter and heiress of the Earl of Northumberland.'

It was of course only a marriage in name, and during the year and a half that it lasted the boy travelled abroad, while the bride remained with her grandmother. We have one glimpse, an almost incredible glimpse, of her life at this time:

'If I had any state affairs [Lady Sunderland writes to her brother] you should not have this stuff, nor that Sir Edward Villiers makes love to my Lady Ogle. I do not take it from the medisance of the town, but the discreetest that is among them. He pleases my Lady Northumberland so much with asking her counsel and her assistance for some affairs, she thinks he comes to the house for no other design, and he loses every penny that he has there.'

Surely even the Court of Charles the Second can hardly show a stranger picture than this pursuit of a child-wife, barely thirteen, by

a young dandy, the while he hoodwinks the old grandmother's eyes by losing to her at play!

However, widowhood cut short that scene, as Reresby records, and at thirteen my Lady Percy, Lucy, Poynings, Fitz-payn, Bryan, and Latimer (there seems some doubt as to her right to these baronies, but they were held to be hers in that day) could sign herself also Ogle—and we know that by this time she could write. Whether they garbed the little lady in sable and she sat in state surrounded by tapers in a room hung with black, we do not know, but she seems to have acquired somewhat by way of dower. Apparently it was at this time that, young as she was, she made her appearance at Court, where she became known among the frequenters of Whitehall as *La Triste Héritière*. And she was once more in the market, and notwithstanding the persistent claim of the trunkmaker, the old dragon of a grandmother was not long in making a new bargain. This time the suitor appears to have been commended partly by the Dowager's avarice—as will be gathered later—and partly by the political inclinations of the bride's family.

To appreciate the bearing of these, it is needful to say a little of the kindred who at this time surrounded the child. They nearly all belonged to the Whig party—the Country party, as it was then styled—and not only to that party, but to the extreme semi-Republican section of it; the section which was prepared to go all lengths in opposition to the Roman Catholic tendencies of Charles and his brother. They had given their countenance to Oates's Popish plot, they had gone on to put forth all their strength in support of the Bill for excluding James, Duke of York, from the throne, and now, faced by a growing popular reaction which threatened to place them at the mercy of the Court, they were bent on pushing to the utmost the claims of Monmouth, the Protestant pretender to the crown.

Among the leaders of this party several of Elisabeth's nearest kinsfolk figured. Shaftesbury—

For close designs and crooked counsels fit;  
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,  
Restless, unfixed in principles or place;  
In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace,  
A fiery soul which, working out its way,  
Fretted the pigmy body to decay.  
A daring pilot in extremity,  
Pleased with the danger when the waves went high,



—Shaftesbury, the chief of all, was the husband of her mother's first cousin. He, who had been busy in every change of the last forty troubled years, was now at his last shifts, setting the stage for his last intrigue. The inspirer of the Bill for excluding James, he had now offended the Court beyond hope of pardon, and from his house in Aldersgate, within the City privileges, he was desperately exploiting, with a view to securing the succession for his tool, the religious intolerance that he did not share.

Next to him in zeal, if not in importance, was the impracticable, churlish, disgruntled Algernon Sydney, Lady Sunderland's (Sacharissa's) brother and Elisabeth's first cousin once removed—an honest man it may be, but disappointed and at odds with his world. Lord Essex, an active though a more moderate member of the faction, was Elisabeth's uncle by marriage; and Lord Russell, the Duke of Bedford's heir, a man whose courage and integrity exceeded his capacity, was also her uncle by marriage, the husband of her mother's sister—he it was who, over-daring, carried up the Exclusion Bill to the Lords. These four then, Shaftesbury, Algernon Sydney, Essex, and Russell, were all allied to the heiress; and her stepfather, Montagu, a man full as unscrupulous as Shaftesbury, if less able, had lately changed sides and joined the party. Montagu House and Southampton House with the Sydneys' house in Leicester Fields and the house in Aldersgate were the headquarters of the plotters. Nor is it quite beside the question that Monmouth, whom these men put forward, was reputed by many to be the nephew of Algernon Sydney, and if so was connected by the ties of blood or marriage with the group.

It seems therefore to be at least probable that it was their influence and Monmouth's, working on the ambitious old Dowager, that arranged the next match, and that their object in contriving it was to add the weight of the Northumberland wealth and interest to Monmouth's cause. The chosen bridegroom was a close friend and boon companion of the pretender—Thomas Thynne of Longleat, the owner of great estates, nicknamed on account of his wealth 'Tom of Ten Thousand.' He was nearly twenty years older than the child-widow, a dull, coarse man, a rake whose name an intrigue with one of the maids of honour had lately made notorious. Dryden pilloried him—in sarcasm—as Monmouth's 'Wise Issachar, his wealthy western friend,' and apart from his profuse hospitality, and the fact that, like Montagu, he was a builder of some taste and added to Longleat, nothing can be said in his favour. The wedding

took place in the summer of 1681 at a critical stage in the fortunes of the country party, when the House that had passed the Exclusion Bill (thrown out in the Lords) had been summarily dissolved, and a Tory reaction in favour of the Court was setting in throughout the constituencies.

There is evidence that within this scheme there was—as there so often is—an inner plot, its object the appeasement of the old Lady Northumberland's greed. And the evidence that we have of this absolves one of Elisabeth's kindred from blame. Evelyn notes in his Diary on September 18, 1681:

'I dined with the Earl of Essex who after dinner in his study where we were alone, related to me how much he had been scandalised and injured in the report of his being privy to the marriage of his lady's niece, ye rich young widow of the late Lord Ogle, sole daughter of ye Earl of Northumberland; shewing me a letter of Mr. Thynne's, excusing himself for not communicating his marriage to his lordship. He acquainted me also with the whole story of that unfortunate lady being betrayed by her grandmother the Countess of Northumberland and Colonel Brett for money; and that though upon the importunity of the Duke of Monmouth he had delivered to the grandmother a particular of the jointure which Mr. Thynne pretended that he would settle on the lady, yet he totally discouraged the proceeding, as by no means a competent match for one that both by birth and fortune might have pretended to the greatest prince in Christendom: that he also proposed the Earl of Kingston or the Lord Cranborne but was by no means for Mr. Thynne.'

It is worthy of remark that of the two suitors proposed by Essex, one, the Lord Cranborne, was the son of a strong supporter of Monmouth, and the other belonged by family connection to the same party.

It seems fairly clear from this note that the old Countess was brought to consent by a bribe, Colonel Brett being the go-between; and that the marriage was then quietly performed while Lord Essex supposed it to be only under discussion. Who Colonel Brett was is obscure. There was a Colonel Brett who married the divorced Lady Macclesfield, the reputed mother of the poet Savage, but he must have been a child at this date; and there was another Colonel Brett whose daughter married Carte the historian. Possibly the Simon Pure was a gentleman in the suite of the Countess; and working with him there was, it would seem, a Mrs. Potter, not improbably the bride's own woman. For, fourteen years later,

Mrs. Potter appealed to the House of Lords against a decree that she should refund £500 paid to her by the executors of Mr. Thynne who had given her a bond for this amount in case he married the Lady Ogle, 'which he did.' Possibly this may be the Mrs. Potter, 'a mantua maker,' mentioned by Narcissus Luttrell as arrested in 1699 for bringing letters secretly from France.

In any case the marriage—the bride was barely fourteen—was again one in name only, and whatever the girl's attitude to it at the time she quickly repented of it, and not only repented of it, but rebelled against it. Whether Elisabeth acted on her own motion, repelled by what she had learned of Thynne, or taken with a fancy for another, or whether she was influenced from outside, we do not know; but very soon after the ceremony she took the matter into her own hands and fled secretly to Holland. She was either accompanied in her flight by, or sought the protection of—we are not sure which—Lady Temple, the Dorothy Osborne of the well-known letters and the wife of Sir William Temple, who had been minister at The Hague and was connected by ties of friendship with William of Orange. The step was decisive, for by it the young lady at one stroke placed herself out of the reach of those who had countenanced the Thynne marriage, and committed her fortunes to the party that, after the Duke of York, were most nearly concerned in combating Monmouth's claim. Narcissus Luttrell notes the event on November 16, 1681:

'Thomas Thynne Esquire having lately married or at least contracted to the Lady Ogle, daughter to the late Earl of Northumberland, she has lately made her escape to Holland.'

It was a step so bold and so decisive that it is difficult to give the credit of it to a girl of fourteen, however clever and strong-willed. It wears the aspect of a stroke of policy—a counter-stroke arranged and made possible by older heads than hers. Nor is it negligible that eight days later than the date of Luttrell's note Shaftesbury was tried on a charge of high treason, and saved—for that time—only by a friendly grand jury which threw out the bill. Thynne hastened to claim possession of his young wife's estates, but the claim was successfully resisted, probably on the ground named by Reresby, who records in January of the following year:

'I dined with my Lord Halifax at my Lord Conway's, Principal Secretary of State. I acquainted the King, and my Lord Halifax at the same time, with an affidavit made before me as a Justice of

the Peace the same day, concerning a pre-contract between Mr. Thynne and Mistress Trevor [the maid of honour above referred to] before his marriage with my Lady Northumberland. For there were endeavours to annul the said marriage, it not having been consummated and my Lady Northumberland having fled from Mr. Thynne into Holland. At all which the Court was not dissatisfied, the husband being one that had opposed its interests and engaged himself in that of the Duke of Monmouth.'

And Evelyn mentions later that Sir William Temple was interesting himself in the young wife's behalf.

However, at this juncture and with dramatic suddenness a tragedy cut the knot and startled the town. Six weeks after Reresby's dinner, Thynne, who had been at old Lady Northumberland's in St. James's Street, and had just set down the Duke of Monmouth, was proceeding in his coach to his lodging. It was a Sunday evening in February, a little after eight and dark, and he had several attendants with him, some carrying flambeaux before his coach. Passing eastwards along Pall Mall, he had nearly reached the foot of the Haymarket when, opposite the end of St. Alban's Street, now St. Alban's Passage, he met three horsemen who called on the coachman to stop. The summons was scarcely uttered when one of the horsemen fired a blunderbuss into the coach, mortally wounding Thynne. The shot fired, the three horsemen turned and galloped up the Haymarket, and though pursued by one of the servants, escaped in the darkness. Thynne was taken on to his lodgings, where he died early the next morning.

It was a notable outrage even for those days, and it aroused the fiercest passions. The news was quickly carried to Reresby by Thynne's gentleman, who was followed by one of Monmouth's pages. They required his presence at the dying man's house, and he went there before midnight, and having learned the circumstances acted as a magistrate with creditable vigour. Accompanied by Monmouth himself and by Lord Mordaunt, afterwards the Knight-errant Earl of Peterborough, he spent the night in an active search, and at six in the morning, at the moment when Thynne expired, he arrested the leader of the bravoos at the house of a Swedish doctor in Leicester Fields. The man was a Captain Vratz, a Swede and a soldier of fortune of some distinction. He was known to be a follower of a certain Count Charles James Konigsmark, a member of an influential family in Sweden, the nephew of the Governor of Pomerania, and a man well seen in London society. The two other assassins were taken later in the

day, and proved to be a Lieutenant Stern, a man tried in the wars, and a Pole, a common soldier of the name of Borowski. The Pole it was who had fired the shot.

Known facts speedily fixed suspicion on Konigsmark. He had been a suitor for the hand of La Triste Héritière, and had publicly complained that Thynne had stolen an unfair march on him. He had threatened Thynne and had challenged him, but the Wiltshire Squire had evaded the combat. Konigsmark had a younger brother, Philip, who was lodging at this time at the famous riding school of Faubert in Swallow Street, on the site of part of the present Regent Street; and inquiries made at the school proved that Count Charles had come secretly to London ten days before the murder. He had lived incognito, lying close and pretending illness, first in the Haymarket and later in St. Martin's Lane, but very early on the morning after the outrage he had left his lodgings abruptly and in disguise. He was traced to Rotherhithe and afterwards to Gravesend, where he was arrested when on the point of leaving in a Swedish ship.

In the meantime, Vratz, Stern, and Borowski had been examined before the King in Council. Luttrell notes that the affair

'made great talk, several persons making different constructions of it, some that it was a design against Thynne and the Duke of Monmouth [who really parted from him not a quarter of an hour before] others that it was on account of the Lady Ogle.'

Brought to trial, Vratz's defence was that both Count Konigsmark and he had challenged Thynne and that he had stopped Thynne for the purpose of repeating the challenge; that Stern and Borowski were there to protect him from Thynne's servants, and that Borowski had fired the fatal shot without orders. It was proved, however, that a special gun had been bought—and used—and that the Pole had been brought over from the Continent only the day before, presumably to do the business.

The three inferiors were found guilty, and there can be little doubt that Konigsmark, who was charged as an accessory before the fact, should also have been convicted. But he was a man of high rank; money, it was rumoured, was used; and the King was certainly anxious that he should escape. His three accomplices were staunch; such admissions as they made were not evidence against him, and the jury, which consisted of six natives and six foreigners—as was the laudable custom in such cases—acquitted him. He was a handsome and picturesque figure in the prime of

youth, with fair locks falling below his waist, and a high-bred air. He left England on his release, and after distinguishing himself as a soldier of fortune and making a considerable name, he was killed five years later in Greece. Through his sister, the mistress of Augustus the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, he was the uncle of the famous Maurice, Marshal Saxe. Count Philip, his younger brother, whom we have seen at Faubert's Academy, was reserved for a darker fate. He was known in later days as the lover of the ill-fated wife of George the First, and was the Count Philip Konigsmark whose disappearance, with the subsequent discovery of his body under the floor of the royal dressing-room, has become a popular tradition. Perhaps the fact should not be stated without stating also that George the Second believed implicitly in his mother's innocence.

Vratz, Stern, and Borowski were hanged in Pall Mall, on the scene of the crime. They met their fate with a courage which, particularly in the case of Vratz, won the admiration of those who detested their crime. Evelyn reports of Vratz :

'He told a friend of mine who accompanied him to the scaffold and gave him some advice, that he did not value dying a rash, and hoped and believed that God would deal with him like a gentleman. Never man went so unconcerned to his death.'

Thynne was buried in Westminster Abbey, where his monument with a relief portraying the murder may still be seen, though the eulogistic phrases originally placed on it have been removed.

An express was sent to Holland, apparently on the day of Thynne's death, to summon the young widow, but she made no haste. She did not return until the middle of the next month. Meantime, and inevitably, gossip was busy with her reputation. Her name was brought up again and again in the course of the trial, and proof was given that Konigsmark had asked to be advised what his position in regard to her would be, if he should kill her husband. It was believed by many that she had looked with favour on the handsome young Swede, and some, perhaps many, went so far as to think her privy to the murder. That, child as she was, she was the cause of the tragic death of these four men seems to be beyond doubt. But there is not a scrap of evidence that she was a party to the crime, or had any foreknowledge of it, nor is there evidence that while she was in Holland she had any communication with Konigsmark.

(To be continued.)



## TWO PASSENGERS FOR CHELSEA.

A ONE-ACT COMEDY.

BY O. W. FIRKINS.

### CHARACTERS.

Mr. William Bingham Baring,  
 heir to the Ashburton peerage.  
 Lady Harriet Baring, his wife.  
 Jane Welsh Carlyle.  
 Thomas Carlyle.  
 Giuseppe Mazzini.

Alfred Tennyson.  
 Richard Monckton Milnes.  
 Charles Buller.  
 Travers Mildmay.  
 Footman.

THE action takes place at Addiscombe Farm, a Baring estate in the Croydon suburb of London, between ten and half-past eleven of a bright May morning in the year 1847. The morning room at Addiscombe Farm, on which the curtain rises, is large and long, furnished in dark oak, with pictures and bronzes. The middle section, which is frowned upon by a huge old fireplace and chimney-piece in the back wall, is sombre enough to be just perceptibly avoided by the guests, but the two ends of the room are very cheerful. That at the spectator's right looks out from the deep recess of a sixteenth-century bow window upon a broad sweep of undulating landscape, while the view to the left is stopped by garden trees and shrubs in the luxuriance of bright leaf and early blossom. The entrances are in the back wall near the corners, right and left. At the left entrance Jane Carlyle appears, followed by Thomas.

JANE CARLYLE. Thomas, you shouldn't have eaten that cherry tart.

CARLYLE. At great houses, my dear, one eats the wrong thing while one waits for the right one. At the moment nothing was in sight but cherry tart. The edible universe was reduced for the time being to cherry tart and I—I was hungry. (*He takes easy chair, left.*)

JANE CARLYLE (*at the window, left, looking out*). Thomas, save the universe for Cheyne Row. I am thinking of your stomach.

CARLYLE. I was thinking of my hunger.

JANE CARLYLE. That is unimportant. With Cerberus in a man's inside——

CARLYLE. They fed honey cakes, you know, to Cerberus.

JANE CARLYLE. I know—when they wanted to go down into hell.

CARLYLE. Ye know the classics—to their depths, Jane.

JANE CARLYLE. As for visiting hell, Thomas, I need no help from the classics. I can go down there in my own person—or in yours.

CARLYLE (*not ungenially*). We have had our travels, Jeannie—in all quarters.

JANE CARLYLE (*hands on chair-back, facing Thomas*). And I have to leave you here to contend all by yourself with the enticements of cherry tart and——

CARLYLE. And what?

JANE CARLYLE (*repressing an impulse to specify*). Nothing else. Cherry tart is quite enough for a feeble man like you to contend with. (*With a slightly noticeable carelessness.*) You are staying?

CARLYLE. Perhaps. She wishes it.

JANE CARLYLE (*with pointed innocence*). She?

CARLYLE (*falling, as often, into voluntary dialect*). Dinna play the fool, Jane. It's a part Nature has not qualified ye for.

JANE CARLYLE (*very urbanely*). I understand, my dear. There is a time in a man's relations with a woman when 'She' becomes a proper name. But I didn't know you'd quite reached that point with Lady Harriet.

CARLYLE. As for that, there's a point in a man's relations with a woman when the pronoun 'She' becomes a coronet. Ye should know that yourself. (*He speaks bluffly, as if to excuse the blandness of the words.*)

JANE CARLYLE. Thank you, Thomas. I begin to think cherry tart agrees with you.

CARLYLE. She wants *you* to stay, too.

JANE CARLYLE. She? (*feigning to bethink herself*). Oh, yes. But I really must go back to Chelsea, that is, if I can find a carriage, or a dogcart, or a wheelbarrow to take me to the station. One can trust to nothing in a house like this. They put heliotropes in your bedroom and forget the soap.

CARLYLE. Ay, ay, giddypates, featherheads, all of them. (*Enter Footman, right, with the 'Times.'*)

FOOTMAN (*offering paper to Jane Carlyle*). *Times*, Madam ?  
(*He goes out.*)

JANE CARLYLE. Will you have the *Times*, Thomas ?

CARLYLE (*reaching for it*). Why not ?

JANE CARLYLE. Because you never read it at Chelsea—in the morning.

CARLYLE. A man's mornings in his own house are serious, Jane, but here !—the *Times* fits like a knicknack on an *étagère*. Besides, it shuts out the company. Is that somebody coming ? (*He hastily screens his face with the unfolded 'Times.'*)

JANE CARLYLE (*seating herself near Thomas, and speaking low*). It is Mr. Travers Mildmay. (*Carlyle mutters something between a grunt and a moan. Enter, at right, Mr. Travers Mildmay, young, scrupulously dressed, sometimes tongue-tied, sometimes blunt.*)

TRAVERS MILDMA. Good morning, Mrs. Carlyle. (*Jane Carlyle bows graciously.*) Good morning, sir. (*Carlyle growls an inarticulate response.*) A fine day.

CARLYLE. Fire-new from the old mint.

TRAVERS MILDMA. (*at a loss*). Sir ?

CARLYLE. The morning's a coin, I say, sterling metal, with the king's head stamped on it.

TRAVERS MILDMA. (*still at a loss*). I suppose so.

JANE CARLYLE. You must excuse my husband, Mr. Mildmay. It isn't insanity ; it's cherry tart. He has had too good a breakfast.

TRAVERS MILDMA. Does that make him——

JANE CARLYLE. Yes, it makes him lyrical. Let us hope that poetry will be the only consequence. At home, now, where he eats bread and butter, he is fairly rational.

TRAVERS MILDMA. I should enjoy talking to literary men—if they'd only talk like other people.

JANE CARLYLE. Try him before breakfast, Mr. Mildmay.

TRAVERS MILDMA. The breakfasts here are very irregular.

JANE CARLYLE. There is system under it, Mr. Mildmay. Each rank breakfasts at its own hour. The peasantry break their fast at nine.

CARLYLE (*not to Mildmay, but dispersedly to the walls and furniture*). That's for me. She's a doctor's lass.

JANE CARLYLE. The commoners breakfast at half-past nine ; the minor gentry at a quarter-past ten ; and the earls and marquises at eleven. The earliest arrivals in England come last to the breakfast room. (*Demurely.*) Have you breakfasted, Mr. Mildmay ?

TRAVERS MILD MAY. Half an hour ago.

CARLYLE (*in a moment's truce with Travers Mildmay*). That puts ye down with us.

TRAVERS MILD MAY (*with an air of achievement*). That's high enough.

CARLYLE (*again putting up the 'Times' as a breastwork*). Humph!

TRAVERS MILD MAY (*glancing out of the window*). Mr. Tennyson is coming in.

JANE CARLYLE. Is Mr. Tennyson up?

TRAVERS MILD MAY. Yes. He breakfasted with me.

CARLYLE. Another peasant, Jane.

JANE CARLYLE. Oh, we can't hold Mr. Tennyson to any rule. Poets are the most simple-hearted creatures. For them morning begins at daybreak. (*Enter, at left, Alfred Tennyson, thirty-eight years old, large, a little stooping, lazily majestic, good-humouredly saturnine, with a lounging stateliness of gait. He comes over to Jane Carlyle and Mildmay, exchanging nods of succinct cordiality with Carlyle.*)

ALFRED TENNYSON (*to Jane Carlyle*). Good morning.

JANE CARLYLE. Good morning, Mr. Tennyson. You come from the garden, I see. Have you been teaching the thrushes music?

ALFRED TENNYSON. No. (*Pause.*) I should as soon think of teaching—felicity—to Mrs. Carlyle. (*He has, in the slow utterance of this compliment, the effect of a half-skilled navigator bringing to port a heavy cargo through a choppy sea.*)

JANE CARLYLE. You are turning courtier, too?

CARLYLE (*sunk in his chair and in the 'Times'*). His pension has corrupted him.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*who has seated himself, while Mildmay, feeling a little neglected, moves off to the other end of the room*). You know who got me that pension?

CARLYLE. How should I know who gives pensions?

ALFRED TENNYSON (*in his ruminative bass*). You know Richard Milnes, don't you?

CARLYLE (*the 'Times' on his knees*). Ay, I know Milnes, God forgive me for including such a popinjay in my acquaintance.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*fixing his eyes on Carlyle*). Who spoke to Milnes?

CARLYLE (*letting the paper fall to the ground*). Who spoke to Milnes? Heavens, man, do you think I keep a register of all the simpletons in the British Isles under my forehead?

JANE CARLYLE. Don't mind him, Mr. Tennyson. That is just his way of saying that Milnes is a very decent fellow, and so he is. (*Enter, at left, Richard Milnes, well dressed, smiling, with a social ease that finds vent alternately in stingless cynicism and unfeigned kindness.*)

RICHARD MILNES. Who is that saying that I am a very decent fellow?

CARLYLE. Not me, Richard, God be praised! I haena that load upon my conscience.

RICHARD MILNES. It wasn't your voice, I think, Tennyson.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*sincerely*). It wasn't my voice, Milnes; though it expressed my feeling.

RICHARD MILNES. Then it comes home to you, Mrs. Carlyle.

JANE CARLYLE. I was just explaining to Mr. Tennyson that my husband has his own way of expressing fondness. When he says: 'The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon,' all he means is: 'Sit down, my dear fellow, and have another pipe.'

CARLYLE. D'ye hear what comes frae the creature? And men marry the jades, knowing all the while that they have tongues! (*He resumes the 'Times,' as if in renunciation of human society from that time forward.*)

JANE CARLYLE. Sit down, Mr. Milnes, unless you want to go into the garden. Mr. Tennyson has been out already listening to the thrushes.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*simply*). I went out to smoke.

JANE CARLYLE (*with a disdainful gesture*). Ah, these poets! Their trade is disenchantment.

RICHARD MILNES. I know Lady Harriet is inexorable on tobacco. But I will sit down, Mrs. Carlyle, since I don't feel any great need either of smoke or thrushes at this moment. (*He takes a chair.*)

JANE CARLYLE. You look ridiculously cheerful. I believe you slept last night.

RICHARD MILNES. I did. My sleep is masterly.

JANE CARLYLE (*with velvety satire*). Each of us has his accomplishment, Mr. Milnes.

RICHARD MILNES. Thank you. Are you learning the art of paying compliments from your husband? (*They both glance at the 'Times' behind which Carlyle is ambushed.*)

JANE CARLYLE. No, my wickedness is all original, a poor thing, but mine own. (*She observes the 'Times' narrowly.*) My dear, you are reading that paper upside down.

CARLYLE. It's every bit as sensible that way as the other.

JANE CARLYLE (*surprised into familiarity*). Milnes, I verily believe he put that paper down and took it up wrong side first for the express purpose of making that remark. (*They wait for a retort, but Carlyle is, or seems, oblivious.*)

RICHARD MILNES (*after a pause, in a low tone, which escapes the confidential*). Don't you think that Mr. Carlyle reads the world much as he is now reading the *Times*? He holds it upside down and finds it nonsense.

JANE CARLYLE. Exactly. And Mr. Carlyle means to turn the world upside down and find the sense in it.

RICHARD MILNES. The rest of us find it fairly sensible as it is.

JANE CARLYLE. That is because you are standing on your heads to read it. You don't expect Mr. Carlyle to stand on his head, do you?

RICHARD MILNES (*laughing*). No, we don't expect that. (*Enter, at right, Lady Harriet Baring, a regal woman, with a fine, dashing geniality, convertible at the shortest notice into authority or disdain.*)

LADY HARRIET (*speaking to persons without*). Where is Charles Buller? Such a man! When Charles Buller is wanted for Addiscombe, he is almost undiscoverable, and when we have him at Addiscombe, he simply cannot be discovered at all.

VOICE OFF STAGE. Mr. Buller has gone for a ride, Lady Harriet.

LADY HARRIET. He leaves us for our horses. I always said he could discriminate. Come in, both of you. (*Giuseppe Mazzini, melancholy and brooding enthusiast, enters the room, followed by Mr. Baring. Mildmay is already on his feet; Milnes and Tennyson have risen on Lady Harriet's entrance; Carlyle pointedly keeps his seat. Lady Harriet includes the whole company in a bright nod, then turns to whisper an aside to Mr. Baring.*) That young Mildmay is sulking in a corner. He mustn't be allowed to get peevish. Go to him, William. Convince him that he is somebody. Two minutes will do it. (*Mr. Baring moves toward Mildmay, whom he engages in a quiet conversation, while Mazzini, following Lady Harriet at a rather cautious distance, crosses to left stage. Lady Harriet continues.*) Mr. Milnes, you are blooming as usual. Mr. Tennyson, we saw you from our upper windows in the garden at a legendary hour. Mr. Carlyle, I'm sorry I can't thank you for rising to greet your hostess when she enters her morning room after breakfast, but I am glad that you appreciate my chairs.



CARLYLE (*getting up in a perfectly deliberate and unembarrassed fashion*). I am on my feet, not for the lady, but—

LADY HARRIET (*peremptorily*). For what, then?

CARLYLE. For the woman.

LADY HARRIET. That deserves any reward—even a chair. Sit down, Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Milnes, Mr. Tennyson, Mr. Mazzini. I hate to see a man idle on his feet. (*The men seat themselves, while Lady Harriet approaches Jane Carlyle.*) Let us look at this woman.

JANE CARLYLE. Am I to get up, too?

LADY HARRIET. If you please, my dear. I can't inspect you in that retirement. (*Jane Carlyle rises with mock dudgeon, and offers herself to Lady Harriet's imperious scrutiny.*) Mrs. Carlyle, you outshine us all. With that colour in your face you will not venture to tell me that you have not slept.

JANE CARLYLE. I'm sure the colour is much obliged to you.

LADY HARRIET. You have slept, then?

JANE CARLYLE. I slept—in particles.

LADY HARRIET (*to the men*). I believe the woman falls asleep and dreams that she is awake and reports her dreams as history the next morning.

RICHARD MILNES. In other words, her sleeplessness is a nightmare.

LADY HARRIET. You put the case with masculine brutality, Mr. Milnes, but you say what I mean.

JANE CARLYLE. Men utter the brutalities that women only think; that is why women are so fond of their company.

LADY HARRIET (*to Jane Carlyle*). The only really sleepless thing about you is your wit. Its wakefulness is scandalous.

JANE CARLYLE (*her eyes traversing Lady Harriet's person from foot to forehead*). It caught the disease at Addiscombe.

LADY HARRIET (*graciously masterful*). Mrs. Carlyle, you will have the kindness to remember that I hate flattery.

JANE CARLYLE. I have observed that there are no persons whom it is safer to flatter than those who hate flattery.

LADY HARRIET (*to the company*). Isn't it provoking that this person has gone and married herself to Mr. Carlyle, and has made it indiscreet for me to box her ears?

JANE CARLYLE (*with affected gravity*). I shouldn't advise you to do that, Lady Harriet, in my husband's presence.

CARLYLE. Eh, Jane, why not?

LADY HARRIET. You think he would defend you?

JANE CARLYLE (*meekly*). He would defend his prerogative  
(*This requires some seconds to sink in, but finally scores a general laugh in which Carlyle's bass out-voices all the rest.*)

LADY HARRIET. We will give you one more chance to better your record. If you sleep to-night we may possibly forgive you  
(*She sits down, and Jane Carlyle, obeying her signal, sits down.*  
*Mazzini.*)

JANE CARLYLE. I can't sleep here to-night. I am going home by the half-past eleven.

LADY HARRIET. To Chelsea?

JANE CARLYLE. Yes. (*Pause.*) Our villa in the Riviera isn't open.

LADY HARRIET. I ignore your levity. Don't you know that Mr. Carlyle is here?

JANE CARLYLE. Yes, I know that my husband is here, but my house is in Chelsea.

LADY HARRIET. It won't run off, I suppose?

JANE CARLYLE. No, Lady Harriet, but it runs down. A house like ours has to be painted and papered and subjected to various other tortures from time to time, and I—I am the grand inquisitor.

LADY HARRIET. But Mr. Carlyle tells me that all this doesn't begin till Tuesday.

JANE CARLYLE (*with a peculiar look at her husband*). Mr. Carlyle is most communicative. It doesn't begin till Tuesday, Lady Harriet, but—I have to break the news to the house.

LADY HARRIET. She thinks her very house has nerves.

JANE CARLYLE. It has.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*with a certain robust shyness*). Hasn't he some excuse for nervousness? (*He stops.*)

LADY HARRIET (*with mock severity*). Proceed, Mr. Tennyson.

ALFRED TENNYSON. It has sucked in—a French Revolution.

JANE CARLYLE (*smiling at Tennyson*). Not to mention little Reigns of Terror which it sets up on its own account.

LADY HARRIET (*affecting the Titaness*). Mr. Tennyson, if you are here to abet Mrs. Carlyle—

ALFRED TENNYSON (*with unexpected courage*). I can't imagine any better reason for being anywhere.

JANE CARLYLE. Alfred, if I do not kiss you for that, it is only in order not to scandalise Lady Harriet.

LADY HARRIET. Mr. Carlyle, I think she should go home.

CARLYLE. Nay, she's but a flighty lass. She would kiss the postman if he brought her a letter she wanted.

RICHARD MILNES. You trust her, then, Mr. Carlyle ?

CARLYLE. Divil a bit. I trust Alfred.

LADY HARRIET (*changing the subject with a tactician's quick perception of a check*). With your nerves, Mrs. Carlyle, I somehow can't see you in a household maelstrom.

JANE CARLYLE. Ah, you see, if one has a hurricane in one's nerves, it is thankful for a little company.

LADY HARRIET (*with entire geniality*). Then you are quite sure that you want to go and that you don't need Mr. Carlyle's help ?

JANE CARLYLE. Lady Harriet, my husband in a domestic squall is about as helpful as a seasick passenger in the cabin is to the skipper in the storm on deck.

CARLYLE (*to Lady Harriet*). She should have gone home yesterday.

LADY HARRIET. When Mrs. Carlyle points out the delinquencies in her husband, she reminds me of the woman that swept cobwebs out of the sky.

JANE CARLYLE. Thank you for forgetting that she was an old woman, Lady Harriet. No, Mr. Carlyle is literature, and literature at the proper time and place is highly captivating ; but literature groaning because its inkstand is in the coalscuttle, literature fuming because its nightgown is in the garret or its toothbrush in the paint-pot, is quite another matter. No, it is best that literature stay at Addiscombe and be taken care of by Lady Harriet. I have already made that suggestion to literature, and literature has listened with the most beautiful docility.

LADY HARRIET (*to Carlyle*). Then it is all settled—you will stay ?

CARLYLE (*in his large way*). We shall see, we shall see. (*Enter, from the right, Charles Buller, over forty, six feet three, flushed with riding, athletic, unabashed, and carelessly good-natured.*)

LADY HARRIET. Charles Buller at last. (*Buller advances toward his hostess with a stride modulated, as it were, to the drawing-room, and kisses her hand with brusque deference.*) Your tardiness has cost you dear, Charles. You have missed some delightful exposures of Mr. Carlyle by his wife and some particularly sharp things that I have been at the pains to tell the company about you.

CHARLES BULLER (*who has been scattering nods and handshakes in all directions*). As to the first loss, Lady Harriet, I am sorry to have missed any abuse of my old tutor (*he nods toward Carlyle*) or any scintillations from his wife. For the second loss I hope to be compensated in the near future.

LADY HARRIET. You read my intentions perfectly, Charles. It appears that you find our horses interesting.

CHARLES BULLER. Engrossingly so.

LADY HARRIET. We have noticed that. Mr. Baring and I are very grateful to our horses. They keep several desirable friends on our visiting list.

CHARLES BULLER. Lady Harriet, I will not undervalue your horses even to flatter the first woman in England. Keep your stables, and my heart is yours.

LADY HARRIET. You must come and show yourself to Mr. Baring. You can spare a minute for the lower animals? Come, all of you. (*In the responsive movement which follows, Jane Carlyle and Mazzini are a little slower than the rest, and Lady Harriet gives emphasis, gives, as it were, conclusiveness, to this backwardness by her swift remark.*) You two want to stay behind? Please yourselves, by all means. (*The party moves to the right. Jane Carlyle re-seats herself beside Mazzini.*)

JANE CARLYLE (*tranquilly*). They have left us to ourselves, Mazzini.

MAZZINI (*simply*). I am glad to be alone with you.

JANE CARLYLE (*faintly indicating Lady Harriet*). You like her, don't you?

MAZZINI. Very much. She is a great lady.

JANE CARLYLE. She is more than that, Mazzini. She is a fine creature.

MAZZINI. That is what Mr. Carlyle likes, I think—the fine creature.

JANE CARLYLE. True, my dear. It is the fine creature that he likes. (*She pauses.*) But he likes to be liked by the great lady.

MAZZINI. You English are hard on each other.

JANE CARLYLE. Are we?

MAZZINI. I sometimes think you do not deserve your liberty. You are hard and greedy—and you are free. And the races that throb and aspire—they are chained.

JANE CARLYLE. That is true, and you know why, don't you? We English have liberty because we can content ourselves with its prose. You Italians want its poetry, and so—

MAZZINI (*bitterly*). We do not even get its prose.

JANE CARLYLE. Quite so. Some day you will learn prose from us. Then, perhaps, you will get your Italy.

MAZZINI. It is hard to get what one has never had.

JANE CARLYLE. There is a thing still harder, Mazzini: *to get what one has.* (*Her eyes wander toward Carlyle, now talking keenly with Lady Harriet.*)

MAZZINI. I do not understand that.

JANE CARLYLE. To get back what one has never lost! But that is foolishness. (*She changes the subject resolutely.*) When do you expect your Italy will wake, Mazzini?

MAZZINI. Who knows? The sleep is drugged; that is the trouble. But I have hope; sometimes I say to myself, next year.

JANE CARLYLE. Have you never feared that Italy's waking might be like—— (*She pauses half repentingly.*)

MAZZINI. Like what?

JANE CARLYLE. Like the waking of Juliet—in the tomb?

MAZZINI (*wincing*). Ah, you are cruel.

JANE CARLYLE. Forgive me. I was thoughtless. I meant nothing. (*There is a burst of laughter from the other group.*) We are quite on the edge of things, Mazzini.

MAZZINI (*trying to smile*). I am used to exile.

JANE CARLYLE (*reaching for his hand*). Ah! (*Pause.*) Well, let her exile us, if she chooses. She is a queenly woman.

MAZZINI. I am glad she is not a queen.

JANE CARLYLE (*looking at him curiously*). Why?

MAZZINI (*simply*). She would make it hard to be a revolutionist.

JANE CARLYLE (*with a faint edge in her voice*). You feel that way about her?

MAZZINI. Yes, don't you? You called her a fine creature just now.

JANE CARLYLE. Oh yes, that. It is easy to offer praise, Mazzini. The hard thing is to agree to it.

MAZZINI (*very simply indeed*). I do not understand women.

JANE CARLYLE. Neither do I. (*She looks toward the other group.*) Is that Mr. Travers Mildmay actually detaching himself from Lady Harriet? I believe he is coming to us.

TRAVERS MILD MAY (*slightly fatigued and discontented*). May I sit down here, Mrs. Carlyle?

JANE CARLYLE. By all means. In this out-of-the-way district we are pining for dispatches from the capital.

TRAVERS MILD MAY (*perfectly blank, but seating himself*). Ah!

JANE CARLYLE. What are our friends talking about?

TRAVERS MILD MAY. They are talking about the Corn Laws.

JANE CARLYLE. Is Lady Harriet talking about the Corn Laws?

TRAVERS MILDMAJ (*ingenuously*). She is talking more than anyone else.

JANE CARLYLE. Is she really? That must be looked into. You don't care for the Corn Laws, I judge, Mr. Mildmay?

TRAVERS MILDMAJ. They may be all right. I don't know. It's hard to feed everybody.

JANE CARLYLE. Mr. Carlyle would begin with the poor.

TRAVERS MILDMAJ. It's simpler not to begin.

JANE CARLYLE. Was Lady Harriet supporting the Corn Laws?

TRAVERS MILDMAJ. Yes. She let no one else speak.

JANE CARLYLE. I'm afraid you're not fond of women, Mr. Mildmay.

TRAVERS MILDMAJ. I like them well enough—if they'd let a man speak.

JANE CARLYLE. We have another recruit, Mazzini. (*Charles Buller is crossing to the group at left.*) Mr. Buller, you surprise us. Have you been sent to Coventry?

CHARLES BULLER (*seating himself easily*). No, I've fled to Coventry—if this is Coventry. Coventry appears to be a very habitable place. Do you happen to be contemplating any experiments in the line of Lady Godiva?

JANE CARLYLE. Mr. Buller, please speak low. I am nearly ruined in Lady Harriet's esteem already. The one thing needed to complete my fall would be the mention of my name in connection with Lady Godiva.

CHARLES BULLER (*easily*). I fancy Lady Harriet would like to play the part of Lady Godiva herself.

JANE CARLYLE. I fancy she would, but I don't think she would like to see the chance of doing it first snapped up by any other woman. The only proper indecorums are those which begin with the aristocracy.

CHARLES BULLER (*with absolute unconcern*). Lady Harriet's a nice woman.

JANE CARLYLE. You seem to fight with her a good deal.

CHARLES BULLER. Oh yes, a standing fight is the easiest way to handle such a woman. It saves a man from the sillier sort of nonsense, and it keeps the woman occupied; it keeps her from asking the man to treat her seriously.

JANE CARLYLE. You don't like serious women?

CHARLES BULLER. No, women are bad enough when they are frivolous.



JANE CARLYLE. I believe you are trying to get up a standing fight with me.

CHARLES BULLER. I should enjoy it of all things.

JANE CARLYLE. No, if that is your attitude, it would be sinful to oblige you. I shall leave you no excuse for not treating me seriously—unless, indeed, you want to try me with the sillier sort of nonsense.

CHARLES BULLER (*with a something that might or might not be seriousness*). Carlyle is a lucky man.

JANE CARLYLE. Tell him so, Mr. Buller, tell him so. (*Richard Milnes leaves the group at the right and crosses to Mrs. Carlyle and her companions. From this time on the liveliness transfers itself to the group at left.*)

CHARLES BULLER. Hallo, Milnes. Are you an emigrant, too?

JANE CARLYLE (*looking at Lady Harriet*). I should call him a refugee.

RICHARD MILNES (*taking a chair*). Why not a pioneer?

JANE CARLYLE. We hope you'll find the climate bearable. We were very few at first, only Mazzini and I, but we grow, Mr. Milnes, we grow like an American state. (*She looks again at Lady Harriet.*) We shall brave the mother country some day.

RICHARD MILNES. The Americas have some delightful products.

JANE CARLYLE. You are thinking of Mr. Emerson. That man is so good a picture that it is a pity he is a man. I always wanted to frame him and set him up above the mantelpiece.

MAZZINI. It would be an altarpiece then.

JANE CARLYLE. That is better than my husband's phrase. Carlyle says of him that he sheds light.

CHARLES BULLER. Where did he get his light?

RICHARD MILNES. You aren't looking for any, are you, Buller?

CHARLES BULLER. Not just that kind. It wouldn't help the gloom of Parliament. But where did he get his light? I have always fancied that he filled that pretty agate lamp of his from an overflowing oil well at Craigenputtock. You know about that, Mrs. Carlyle?

JANE CARLYLE. He borrowed the oil, perhaps, but I think the fragrance is his own.

RICHARD MILNES. That is it—the fragrance. You feel somehow that incense is always arising from him.

JANE CARLYLE (*after an appreciative pause*). Richard Milnes, there are times when I forgive people for thinking you intelligent.

RICHARD MILNES. We all rise above ourselves now and then. Mrs. Carlyle is sometimes charitable.

JANE CARLYLE (*satirical again*). When I rise above myself, Mr. Milnes, I have the grace to relapse. But when you are chidden for wit, you repeat the offence—indelicately.

RICHARD MILNES. Indelicately? I don't see that.

JANE CARLYLE. It is always indelicate to outshine one's neighbours.

RICHARD MILNES (*unguardedly eager*). I am not the only one. (*The company laugh.*)

JANE CARLYLE. Confession at last.

LADY HARRIET (*from across the room*). What are you people laughing at?

JANE CARLYLE. Mr. Milnes has begun to confess his superiorities. We shall have occupation for the whole day.

LADY HARRIET. I advise you to stop at once, Mr. Milnes. Those are the only confessions for which your friends will never absolve you.

RICHARD MILNES. Mrs. Carlyle has made that quite clear.

JANE CARLYLE. Never mind, Mr. Milnes. I am off by the half-past eleven. I go and leave my character behind me.

RICHARD MILNES. You leave a husband behind you to defend it.

JANE CARLYLE. You remind me of an interesting fact. I have a husband. A husband always defends the wife who has gone away. Out of mere gratitude—*were there nothing else.* (*The company recognise a phrase of Carlyle's and the laughter is general.*)

CARLYLE (*who has heard imperfectly*). Woman! Woman!

JANE CARLYLE (*feigning to whisper*). What names he calls me!

CARLYLE. Jeannie, woman!

JANE CARLYLE (*mimicking a corrected housemaid*). Sir!

CARLYLE (*quite beaten by the laughter which ensues*). Gang your gait, hizzie. Ye hae too many abettors in your wickedness. It's nae guid, marryin' 'em. It's like holdin' Ireland. The mair ye have her, the less she minds ye. (*Alfred Tennyson rises with an incidental air and strolls over to the group on the left.*)

JANE CARLYLE. Mr. Tennyson, you are a loiterer. You should have come to us in our destitution.

ALFRED TENNYSON. I wanted to come.

JANE CARLYLE. You are punished for your delay. The only seat now available is this one beside me, which Mr. Milnes and

Mr. Buller and Mr. Mildmay have carefully avoided. Mazzini is on my other side, but he's a revolutionist and likes adventure.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*seating himself*). I like adventure, too.

JANE CARLYLE (*looking at the other group*). There's only one person left to capture. I should like to annex Mr. Baring. Mr. Carlyle, of course, doesn't count.

RICHARD MILNES. Why doesn't Mr. Carlyle count?

JANE CARLYLE. A husband is not amenable to capture. If he were— (*She leaves the sentence unfinished.*)

RICHARD MILNES. I suppose he'd be the supreme conquest.

JANE CARLYLE. Yes, the supreme conquest, Mr. Milnes—the conquest of impossibility. The least attractive woman in the company—to say nothing of the Lady Harriets—can hold the husband against the wife.

ALFRED TENNYSON. Are you sure of that?

JANE CARLYLE. Sure of it? The proof of it is that at this very moment Mr. Baring is getting up and coming over to talk to me. I say 'me' because I refuse to believe that so sane a gentleman is coming over to talk to Mr. Buller.

CHARLES BULLER. He's sane enough to follow my example. (*Mrs. Carlyle rises to greet Mr. Baring, a grave and courtly man of middle age, essentially modest, but with a slight pomp of station beneath which his inherent modesty is uncomfortable.*)

MR. BARING. Mrs. Carlyle, Lady Harriet and I are very sorry that you insist upon leaving us this morning.

JANE CARLYLE. You are most kind, Mr. Baring, and I am very sorry to go. But Cheyne Row is insistent—even more so than Addiscombe. I am leaving my husband behind to tell you how sorry I am that I cannot stay too.

MR. BARING. That does not console Lady Harriet and me for your departure, glad as we are to keep Mr. Carlyle.

JANE CARLYLE (*taking the seat which Mr. Baring, by a courtly gesture, has invited her to resume, and speaking with much apparent sincerity*). I am very glad to leave Mr. Carlyle in such excellent and friendly hands. There are very few places where his contentment is even probable. Addiscombe is one.

MR. BARING. We are sorry that you will not add to his contentment and ours—our happiness, I would say (*he is unduly troubled by the trifling inadvertence*)—by staying with us.

JANE CARLYLE. You are both very kind.

CHARLES BULLER (*who has fetched another chair*). Sit down,  
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Baring. You shan't miss the last minutes of Mrs. Carlyle's society. Go on, Mrs. Carlyle. Give Mr. Baring some of those little stabs you've been showering on Milnes and me. The only decent thing you can do now is to prove that your malignity is impartial. (*The action in this quarter is carried on for some minutes in dumb show, while the centre of interest shifts to the other end of the room, where Lady Harriet and Carlyle are left in somewhat obvious intimacy in the farthest recess of the bow window.*)

LADY HARRIET (*impetuously*). Your wife is a superb woman.

CARLYLE (*tranquilly*). Men have fared worse in this tickle gear of matrimony.

LADY HARRIET. I could not find a fault in her, except that I dream sometimes that she has lost a little—a very little—of the first edge of her appreciation of you.

CARLYLE (*with a twinkle*). There's edge enough.

LADY HARRIET. That is your admirable comedy. Nothing will ever convince me that your married life is not radiant—consummate.

CARLYLE. There's nae question of convincing. If it weren't—what was that braw word ye used?—consummate, ye'd have to find that out for yourself. Oh, I don't doubt that ye could. Ye're sharp enough. (*A burst of laughter from the other end of the room draws the eyes of both momentarily to Jane Carlyle.*)

LADY HARRIET. She holds them all.

CARLYLE. The lass has a spike at the end of her tongue. (*He pauses.*) I wouldna have the spike removed. I should miss the glint on it.

LADY HARRIET. That is what I envy you. You understand each other perfectly.

CARLYLE. Fairly weel, fairly weel. Barrin' the fact that she is a woman, which is a sore disadvantage, and that I am a man, which is a sorer, and that the kind God put a bit of the devil into both of us—doubtless for the furtherance of our mutual understanding—Jeannie and I get on cannily enough. From year's end to year's end it works out not so badly. (*He pauses, then adds reflectively.*) There's room for many things in a year.

LADY HARRIET. There's room for reality in your year—not in mine.

CARLYLE (*disobligingly*). Like enough.

LADY HARRIET. I want reality, Mr. Carlyle.

CARLYLE (*whose eyes have been passingly drawn to his wife by*

another burst of merriment in the distance). Jane would say, 'Don't you wish you may get it?'

LADY HARRIET (*imperiously*). Never mind what Jane would say.

CARLYLE (*with sudden energy*). Mind what I say, then. Realities are no stuff for you. You are a noble seeming, set aloft, majestic, like Artemis on a frieze, worthy of all men's eyes. But for the doing and the being, for the bread-baking and the bairn-bearing, the first hard-knuckled lass in Dumfries that can barely spell her own name is worth scores of ye. Stay on your frieze, woman, beautiful to men's sight, and let the poor old world's eyes get what good they may of your grace and queenliness. Let that content you, if there's strength in you to be content; and, if that be not granted ye, be dumb.

LADY HARRIET (*a little shaken, but on the whole more pleased at having evoked the cataract than startled by its vehemence*). Mr. Carlyle, you are the first of men, but I will not be thrust out of my rights as a human being, because I am a peer's daughter and may be a peer's wife some day. I hold my own with any milkmaid.

CARLYLE (*grimly*). Except in the milking.

LADY HARRIET (*with great good-humour*). Come, you shall talk to me, you masterful farmer's son. Tell me what will put meaning, substance, into my life.

CARLYLE (*abruptly concise*). Study German.

LADY HARRIET. I have told you already that I have no time for learning languages.

CARLYLE. No—only time for putting substance into your life. Ye'll do that while ye're putting on your gloves nae doubt.

LADY HARRIET. That is a petty gibe, sir. Let me tell you that it takes a long time to do nothing.

CARLYLE (*drily*). I have observed that.

LADY HARRIET. The hardest drudgery is drudging at frivolities.

CARLYLE. It's hard work—digging with a feather. I grant ye that.

LADY HARRIET. A man like you doesn't realise the extent to which a life can be empty—and yet crowded.

CARLYLE. And why can I not? Any dolt can see that an empty box—or an empty head, for that matter—takes up as much room as a full one.

LADY HARRIET. You shall not escape me. I don't want metaphors—not even *your* metaphors. I want counsel, definite counsel.

CARLYLE (*abruptly concise again*). Keep a diary.

LADY HARRIET. A diary ?

CARLYLE (*his eye attracted to his wife by renewed laughter in the distance*). You know all the spangles, all the nobodies. Keep a diary. Some day the historian of human folly will be thankful to ye.

LADY HARRIET. I see your drift. You want provender for another Carlyle. There will be no other.

CARLYLE. I do not know that. There might be one honest man in the twentieth century.

LADY HARRIET (*with a deprecatory gesture*). I can't pin life to a page. I am too impatient.

CARLYLE. Like enough.

LADY HARRIET (*a little sharply*). Give me some advice that I can take.

CARLYLE. There are only two sorts of advice for a fine woman : the advice that is good for nothing and the advice that she will not take.

LADY HARRIET. Mr. Carlyle, I am a very long-suffering woman ; I wish sometimes that I were back in the feudal ages, when a woman in my position could have ordered forty lashes for a man in yours.

CARLYLE. Ye would have been a great lady at any time ; but (*he looks at her curiously*) I doubt if I should have cared to see the backs of your bondsmen.

LADY HARRIET. Churl ! (*She stamps her foot, then laughs, then holds out her hand.*)

CARLYLE (*taking the hand warmly*). There are times when I'm nae so sure that ye arena a great woman, too. (*Lady Harriet and Carlyle converse for some minutes in dumb show.*)

JANE CARLYLE. Oh, these differences between husband and wife are much exaggerated. A wife is a convenience ; a husband is an inconvenience ; it is only the difference of a prefix.

RICHARD MILNES. You should be the last person to say that, Mrs. Carlyle.

JANE CARLYLE. And why, Mr. Milnes ?

RICHARD MILNES. You who have married into the firmament, so to speak !

JANE CARLYLE. Into the firmament ! How delightful ! (*In a stage whisper to Tennyson.*) Is he thinking of the Great Bear ?

MR. BARING (*seriously*). It seems strange that anyone should know Carlyle well enough to say that.

JANE CARLYLE (*respectfully*). Use and wont, Mr. Baring—it works marvels.



RICHARD MILNES. Even at a distance the thought of use and wont in relation to genius seems almost paradoxical, and when one thinks of living like Mrs. Carlyle day after day with the paradox at one's elbow—— (*He pauses to measure the idea.*)

JANE CARLYLE. Oh, one takes the genius in sections, Mr. Milnes. He takes himself in sections. That's his recipe for living.

RICHARD MILNES. I suppose in a less degree there's the same confusion in all of us. It's a long road from our toothpicks to our prayer books.

CHARLES BULLER. Yes, if we read our prayer books. Tennyson, how do you reconcile the Muses to your pipe?

ALFRED TENNYSON. They seem to like it.

RICHARD MILNES. Considering the fact that the Muses are ladies and that they were brought up in Greece, where nobody smoked, they have an astonishing indulgence for tobacco.

JANE CARLYLE. That reminds me that, since Mr. Tennyson has been sitting by me, I have been visited by hallucinations in my nose. I have dreamt of odours from the spicy shore of Araby the Blest—or what shore is it, Mr. Tennyson? If Lady Harriet's eye were not upon me, I should certainly investigate the contents of this pocket next me.

ALFRED TENNYSON. The pocket would be grateful.

JANE CARLYLE. No, Mr. Tennyson, Lady Harriet would not approve. I renounce the satisfaction of my curiosity—unless, indeed, Mr. Buller——

CHARLES BULLER. By all means. (*He reaches across and draws from Tennyson's pocket a well-browned meerschaum pipe.*)

JANE CARLYLE (*much interested*). Is that all?

CHARLES BULLER. There's his tobacco-pouch.

JANE CARLYLE. Give them to me, Mr. Buller. (*She takes the pipe and pouch with affected daintiness.*) It's really too tempting—all the necessities in one's hand at once. (*She begins to fill the pipe.*)

CHARLES BULLER. Shan't I do that for you?

JANE CARLYLE. Thank you, I know how to fill pipes. Though I have married into the firmament, as Mr. Milnes so charmingly suggests, it is a London firmament and very smoky. (*She surveys the filled bowl.*) It lacks something. Mr. Buller, have you a match? I was sure you had. (*She applies to the tobacco the match which Buller has lighted and put into her hand.*) Look at that smoke. I can almost see little wisps of the *Day-Dream* and rings from the *Lyrical Monologue* floating in it. Open your mouth, Mr. Tennyson. (*She*

*puts the pipe into Tennyson's mouth. Murmurs of amusement in the group alternate with cautious glances toward Lady Harriet.)*

LADY HARRIET (*sniffing*). Who is smoking? Mr. Tennyson, you surprise me. Poets are kings at Addiscombe, but even kings obey the law of the house. You might, at least, have respected Mrs. Carlyle's presence. (*At this everybody laughs.*)

ALFRED TENNYSON (*removing the pipe from his mouth*). The woman tempted me and I did—smoke.

JANE CARLYLE. The man was in Paradise. You can see that by his excuses.

LADY HARRIET (*severely*). Mrs. Carlyle!

JANE CARLYLE. Yes, Lady Harriet.

LADY HARRIET. You are fairly riotous this morning.

JANE CARLYLE. I belong to the mob, you know.

LADY HARRIET. Mr. Tennyson, you are forgiven—that is, if you don't repeat the offence. When the persuasions of tobacco are added to the seductions of woman, man is helpless between two sirens.

ALFRED TENNYSON. If you please, Lady Harriet—

LADY HARRIET. Well?

ALFRED TENNYSON. I should like to keep all the blame to myself—if you don't mind.

LADY HARRIET. Keep it by all means. We grudge you nothing, Mr. Tennyson, in our house.

JANE CARLYLE. No, I will not be absolved at Mr. Tennyson's expense. Alfred, give me that pipe. (*She takes the unextinguished pipe from Tennyson's hand and deliberately applies her mouth to the stem. Sensation.*)

LADY HARRIET (*this time almost genuinely angry*). Mr. Baring, you are the master in this house. Will you ask Mrs. Carlyle to put aside that pipe?

MR. BARING. I beg your pardon, my dear, but it seems to me that my being the master of the house should make me the servant of its guests.

LADY HARRIET. Is his name Baring or forbearing? Mr. Carlyle, will you discipline your wife?

CARLYLE (*who has hugely enjoyed the pipe episode*). Ask the possible, Madam.

LADY HARRIET (*still resourceful*). Mr. Tennyson, at my earnest entreaty, you will have the goodness to remove your pipe from the mouth of Mrs. Carlyle.

ALFRED TENNYSON. Lady Harriet, I don't quite see myself snatching any article of mine from a friend who is using it.

JANE CARLYLE. What shall he do with it, Lady Harriet, if he takes it from me ?

LADY HARRIET. Anything he likes.

JANE CARLYLE. Mr. Tennyson, smoke your own pipe.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*taking the pipe*). I have your permission, Lady Harriet ?

LADY HARRIET. Do anything except return the pipe to Mrs. Carlyle.

ALFRED TENNYSON (*in apology to the company*). I smoke in the drawing-room at Cheyne Row.

LADY HARRIET (*resenting the comparison*). You are at Addiscombe, Mr. Tennyson.

RICHARD MILNES (*glancing at Jane Carlyle*). Cheyne Row is powerful even here.

LADY HARRIET (*with a leonine glance at Jane Carlyle*). Powerful, Richard Milnes ? You mean sovereign. (*Footman enters, right, and approaches Lady Harriet.*)

FOOTMAN. The housekeeper asks to see you, my lady.

LADY HARRIET (*instantly resuming her regal suavity*). Excuse me for a moment. (*To Carlyle, whom she evidently wishes to detain in the bow window.*) I will be back instantly, Mr. Carlyle. (*She goes out, right.*)

JANE CARLYLE (*whose chair is so placed that she cannot see Carlyle, whispering to Mazzini*). Is he stirring, Mazzini ?

MAZZINI. Who ?

JANE CARLYLE. Carlyle.

MAZZINI. No.

JANE CARLYLE. Immovable. I knew it. He is waiting for her to come back.

RICHARD MILNES. Mrs. Carlyle, you have defended poetry against power. Tennyson should write you a lyric.

JANE CARLYLE. Impossible, Mr. Milnes. Tennyson was not foreseen when I was born, and my parents had the heartlessness to name me Jane.

CHARLES BULLER. Jane is a good name.

TRAVERS MILDMA. Better than most. A man can spell it.

JANE CARLYLE. Oh, Jane is good cobblestone, Mr. Mildmay, but it doesn't fit into Mr. Tennyson's mosaic.

MAZZINI (*to Jane Carlyle*). He is getting up.

JANE CARLYLE. We shall win yet, Mazzini. (*Carlyle has risen, and slowly makes his way toward the group at the left. The impulse that brings Jane Carlyle to her feet is reflected in the entire company, who form instinctively a kind of lane through which Carlyle, with whimsical deliberation, advances toward his wife.*)

CARLYLE. Well, Jeannie.

JANE CARLYLE. Yes, Thomas.

CARLYLE. The de'il's been in you this morning.

JANE CARLYLE. Yes, Thomas. He likes the places he is used to.

CARLYLE. Ay, ay, the places where he is made much of. Is it from him that ye get your damnable proclivity for smoke?

JANE CARLYLE. From him, Thomas, I think—or from some of his associates. (*She looks meaningly at her husband.*)

LADY HARRIET (*entering right and approaching Jane Carlyle*). Mrs. Carlyle, I am very sorry to see the end of a visit which Mr. Baring and I have thoroughly enjoyed, but the carriage is at the door, and I fear that no time is to be lost if you insist upon leaving by the half-past eleven.

JANE CARLYLE. Lady Harriet, the happiest visits must come to an end, and I have the most urgent reasons for getting back to Chelsea. (*Various salutations.*)

LADY HARRIET. If you would like to say goodbye to Mr. Carlyle in your own room—

JANE CARLYLE. No, no, the front steps will do perfectly well. We shall edify all the lady's-maids by the sobriety of our endearments.

CARLYLE (*quietly*). I'm going with you, Jane.

LADY HARRIET (*thunderstruck*). But, Mr. Carlyle, you were to stay with us.

CARLYLE (*genially*). Some other time, some other time. Don't you see that the creature's clean daft and not fit to be trusted in the street by herself? She'd be run over by the first omnibus in Soho, and, mad as the quean is, I should miss her. (*Jane Carlyle, glancing through her dropped eyelashes at Lady Harriet's face, bends her head in a pose of meek surprise and deprecating humility. Lady Harriet, shaken by the blow, recovers herself gallantly and speaks in the tone of royalty at bay.*)

LADY HARRIET. Any reasons which grow out of concern for Mrs. Carlyle are conclusive for Mr. Baring and myself. We are grateful beyond words for all that you have given us.

(*Curtain.*)

## MOTIVE POWER AND INDUSTRY.

BY JOHN D. TROUP, M.I.MECH.E.

It is an inspiring thought that British genius is at long last to be recognised as a fundamental asset in this great country of ours.

The list of British pioneer work in the progress of scientific development is a long one, but the sad part about it is the fact that so many brilliant ideas have passed to other countries to be turned to the service of man, when eventually they have returned to this country for which we have duly had to pay.

There are signs that this state of affairs is changing, even if the process is slow. British engineers can take pride in being the pioneers of the world in mechanical engineering, and particularly in that branch of the science which we propose to discuss here, namely, the development of motive power, starting with the birth of the steam engine. If we follow the progress of motive power from the days of the early pumping engines to the present-day steam turbine, we have revealed to us the fact that in the short span of little more than one hundred years—which is roughly the period of mechanical industrialism—the steam engine has developed from a unit size of a few horse-power to a unit size of 75,000 to 100,000 horse-power. To say that such figures are staggering is to use modest language. We can to-day see with our own eyes, at South Kensington Museum, the actual steam engines which were built and used one hundred years ago, and close alongside we can also see the complete model of a steam turbine of 75,000 horse-power designed and built in this old country; the original of which has recently been shipped to that wonderful country of mechanical progress, America, to be used in one of the United States super-power stations.

But this is not all. Modern motive power progress requires not only the mechanical engineer but also the chemist. Here again British genius is rising to the occasion, and there is evidence that the mechanical and chemical engineers are joining forces to carry on the continuity of our progress in the field of motive power.

Here we come to the very essence of the problem of power generation so far as this country is concerned, and it may be summed

up in the one word 'coal.' His Majesty the King performed a timely service when he emphasised this point at the recent official opening of the Barking super-power station. This country's future industrial prosperity is absolutely dependent upon coal, and such prosperity is again dependent upon the means which we provide for utilising our coal wealth.

Coal is a complex compound, and many of the problems connected with its further utilisation are not yet properly understood, but sufficient progress has already been made to indicate quite clearly the main roads upon which we must travel if we are really to maintain the great traditions which our forebears have so successfully created.

Thus we see the road of progress before us leading to still greater achievements in the generation of motive power, but some may and do ask, why travel on this mechanical road? Well, the answer is to ask another question—what is the alternative? As practical men, we find that we have no choice but to travel on the mechanical road. Where it will ultimately lead to we know not, and to try and see beyond our present range of vision becomes a matter of speculation which is interesting, not to say fascinating; but in the meantime we must have bread and butter to live, so we have no choice but to get on with our job.

There is one other point before we deal with the work before us, and that is the question which is so frequently asked—what about electricity? The general adoption of electricity has created in many quarters a popular idea that electricity is a prime source of power. This is not so. Electricity for power purposes is nothing more or less than a convenient means of transmitting power, just as a belt or a chain is a means of transmitting power. The reason why electricity has been universally adopted is because it is a convenient and efficient means of transmitting power, and in addition it is a convenient means of reconvertng a portion of the original heat of the coal back again into heat, even though the conversion losses are excessive. The most modern electric power station delivers as electricity little more than 20 per cent. of the original heat of the coal, which means that 80 per cent. of the heat value of the coal used is lost, or in other words wasted.

At the same time let it be clear that electricity is the most important factor regarding the distribution of the power generated from our coalfields. Electricity will provide us with that convenient and mobile force which is to enable us to deliver the motive



power to the place where it is to be utilised. One of the most essential factors in the development of the application of power is the fact that we must increase the use of power per individual employed in industry. It is hoped that this important point is becoming more generally understood. Much has been written on this phase of the problem, and we know from official statistics that the industries of the United States of America use more than twice as much horsepower per individual employed as is used in this country. This fact is one of the fundamental reasons for the great wealth of the United States, and explains the high rate of wages which American industry is able to pay. We cannot enlarge on this point here, but would say in passing that it is not by any means generally realised that increased output per individual produces a snow-balling effect which creates a new demand in a hundred and one different directions. Just imagine all the ramifications which must double their capacity when two motor cars are produced where only one is produced at present.

To proceed, therefore, with the development of an industrial country like ours: certain main factors stand out with an importance which to ignore would be fatal. If we work backwards from the finished product to the source, it will perhaps enable us to see these main factors more clearly. We know from present-day experience that our bread and butter is dependent upon our capacity for manufacturing goods and selling them in overseas markets. We know also that we have to face competition of increasing intensity. How then are we going to meet this competition when our man-output is less than half that of our big competitors? We are not concerned here with other issues which this point raises, our aim is to concentrate on trying to show the vital need for progress in the field of motive power.

If we admit that motive power, and still more motive power, is one of the most pressing needs of British industry, the question naturally arises, what is the most economic means of supplying this need? It is agreed that electricity is the economic means for distributing the power, and going back a step further to the source, we have no choice in this country but to accept coal as the prime source of supply for all our motive power needs; the small amount of water power available can be ignored for our present purpose.

The problem therefore resolves itself into a consideration of the intermediate stage between the coal on delivery to, say, the electric generating station and the switchboard which distributes the

electricity to the supply area. In other words, what is the most economic method for this country to adopt in order to convert the heat latent in our coalfields into mechanical power for driving an electric generator ?

What is the position to-day ? We are burning coal to supply our industrial needs to the extent of roughly 150 million tons per year. Out of this total only approximately 10 per cent. is carbonised ; the bulk of our coal is therefore used in the raw state, and in addition to the above figure some 35 million tons of raw coal are consumed annually in domestic grates.

What happens to the 150 million tons of coal used in industry ? The major part is used under steam boilers for the direct generation of power or for generating electricity ; but our concern at the moment is not what happens to the heat extracted from the coal, whether it be used to generate steam or for direct use in some process furnace, our concern is for the products resulting from combustion which pass out of the furnace chimney to the atmosphere, or are destroyed during the combustion process.

It is at this point that we are called upon to revise our orthodox views on coal combustion, and to prepare a new balance sheet based on national expenditure and revenue. To make this point clear we will take a broad view of the subject. To-day we are consuming raw coal, except for the small percentage which is carbonised. This procedure results in atmospheric pollution which runs into fabulous annual figures ; in return the community has to pay, in hard cash, for the maintenance and repairs to material, to say nothing of human damage and premature death. If we try to imagine this state of affairs being wiped out in a day, and substitute in its place a process whereby all solid matter is prevented from reaching the atmosphere, and the escaping detrimental gases reduced to a fraction of what they are to-day, then we see a transformation which would be equivalent to being suddenly lifted by an unseen power from smoky Sheffield and dumped on the seashore of the sunny south.

This is only a flight of imagination in so far that the transformation is not possible in one day. But it is possible. It is a practical scheme which we can start on to-morrow if we have the will to do so. We have now sufficient knowledge and experience to know that we can abolish atmospheric pollution, and in doing so increase the efficiency of fuel consumption and thus reduce the cost of motive power, and at the same time produce home supplies of oils and other

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items which we now import in large quantities. Such developments mean new industries and increased employment.

The only question left is—will it pay? Is it an economic proposition? Here we come to facts which it is hoped will give the necessary impetus for action to be taken, whereby the modern process of coal carbonisation will be put into practice on a much more extensive scale. The following facts have been brought together with the object of trying to show that the carbonisation of coal under suitable conditions will not only pay in hard cash, but also will raise the mental and physical state of mankind and give an impetus for better world conditions of which it is somewhat difficult to form a mental picture under our present means of existence.

We proceed then to show that, by suitably treating one ton of coal prior to generating motive power, we split up the coal into different products, each of which has a market value. Some of these products we use for the generation of motive power and the remainder for other purposes. This procedure means that the original one ton of coal is thereby increased in value to such an extent that the increased value pays for the cost of treating and splitting up, gives increased employment due to the new processes involved, and turns to commercial gain the products which now go to pollute our atmosphere.

In putting these facts into the form of a balance sheet, there is one fundamental point which has to be made clear. Those pioneers who have evolved the necessary plant for carbonising coal may be assumed to be optimists, and their respective claims may require some modification when applied as an economic process to our industrial life. In saying this, the writer does not wish to give the impression of over-optimism on the part of the pioneers in this field, although the evidence below indicates substantial grounds for optimism. There is, however, no need for any over-statement, there is a strong economic case to be made out for carbonisation if we will only make up our minds to consider the problem from the national point of view. By so doing, we shall benefit individually, because by collective action our individual expenses would be reduced, as will be seen presently.

The usual balance sheet drawn up to show the case for carbonisation is one compiled on ordinary accountancy lines. Such balance sheet is capable of showing that under specific conditions a carbonisation plant will pay its way and show a profit, and the recent plants installed and others being installed at Glasgow and

Nottingham are evidence that those responsible have been satisfied that the results of the balance sheet can be obtained in practice.

An accountant's balance sheet is not, however, a national balance sheet of such a process, neither is it a true balance sheet, because it does not credit the carbonising plant with the monetary saving effected by the abolition of atmospheric pollution. This is the central point which the writer wishes to make. If we try and imagine that, say, Manchester and Salford could stop burning raw coal to-morrow and step over to a carbonisation process, then, in addition to the saving to be effected as shown by the accountant's balance sheet, there would be the huge annual saving of what is now expended on material repairs and maintenance service, which a clean atmosphere would wipe out. It is not possible to go into this phase of the matter with any great degree of accuracy, but the margin is so huge that rough figures are quite sufficient to demonstrate clearly what carbonisation means. In the district of Manchester and Salford it has been calculated that the annual loss due to smoke alone amounts to half a million sterling. To try to see more clearly what this figure means, we will assume that the district covered has a population of one million, and will take the annual consumption of coal at four tons per head. If we further assume that this coal costs £1 per ton, we find that the district of Manchester and Salford has an annual coal bill of £4,000,000, and, debited in their collective balance sheets is an expenditure of £500,000 for damage caused by burning the above 4,000,000 tons of coal each year. If it is logical—which it is, of course—to debit this charge against the burning of raw coal, then it is equally logical to credit it in favour of a carbonisation plant which removes the cause of the annual loss of £500,000. The writer is aware that he is open to criticism on minor points here, but his main point is to establish what seems to be a very important principle.

Let us now consider briefly a few figures relating to modern carbonisation plants. The carbonisation plant to be erected at Nottingham has already been referred to, and is being installed by the Low Temperature Carbonisation Co., Ltd. The work of some of the members of this firm, of whom the late Thomas Parker was one, if not the earliest, of what might be called the more modern school, goes back to the early days of low temperature carbonisation. The now historic Parker plant working at Barnsley is operating on a commercial scale, and has been used for the bulk testing of a very large number of different classes of coal.

A somewhat similar plant to that at Barnsley is to be installed at Nottingham. The capacity will be 1,000 tons of coal per day, and it will be situated at pits outside the town. Here, smokeless fuel will be manufactured. The surplus gas from the plant could, it is claimed, be piped to the city gas-works at a price lower than the gas-works can make gas. The capital cost of this plant is about £400,000, and the annual profit from the process is estimated at £140,000 after allowing for maintenance, depreciation, administration, etc.

The annual output from this plant is given as follows :

Gas . . . . .	1,260,000,000 cub. ft.
'Coalite' smokeless fuel . . . . .	235,000 tons
Fuel oil and lubricating oil . . . . .	6,300,000 galls.
Motor spirit . . . . .	900,000 galls.
Sulphate of Ammonia . . . . .	2,280 tons

Reducing the above figures to products per ton of coal carbonised, we obtain the figures in column I below, and in column II are given the average figures per ton of coal carbonised obtained at the Barnsley plant after testing a very large number of different bituminous coals :

	I.	II.
Gas (about 700 B.Th.U. per cub. ft.)	3,500 cub. ft.	4-5,000 cub. ft.
Coalite . . . . .	13 cwt.	14 cwt.
Fuel oil and lubricating oil	17·5 galls.	16 galls.
Motor spirit . . . . .	2·5 galls.	3 galls.
Sulphate of Ammonia . . . . .	14 lb.	15 lb.

It should be noted that these figures will vary with the different classes of coal, and also with the different carbonising processes.

It might also be mentioned here that a test was made on the Barnsley plant on July 22, 1924, by the Director of H.M. Fuel Research, copies of whose Report can be obtained from H.M. Stationery Office. This is a detailed report, but for our present purpose it is sufficient to say that the results were very largely a confirmation of the company's claims.

The carbonising plant recently started up at Glasgow for the Corporation Gas Department is designed and operated on an entirely different principle from that at Barnsley, but the purpose of each is to a great extent similar. The Glasgow plant is

known as the 'Maclaurin,' named after its inventor, and has been installed by Messrs. Blair Campbell and McLean, Ltd. The capacity is 100 tons of coal per day and the approximate capital cost £45,000, including foundations, building, erection, etc. The average yield from this plant per ton of coal carbonised when using ordinary bituminous coal is given as follows :

Gas	30,000 cub. ft. of 235 B.Th.U.
	per cub. ft.
Oil (dry)	18 galls.
Sulphate of Ammonia	26 lb.
Smokeless fuel	10 cwt.

The cost of operating this plant per ton of coal fed into the plant is given as 7s. 9d., including all labour, rent, rates, etc., interest and depreciation, repairs, stores, etc.

The value of the smokeless fuel is taken at 12s., the oil at 7s. 6d., sulphate of ammonia 1s. 7½d., gas 6s. 7½d. These figures total up to 27s. 9d., and if we take the cost of the coal at 20s. per ton for our present purpose, the two sides of the balance sheet are equalised. The above figures are, however, under-estimated, and the data so far obtained on the new plant indicate that even better yields will be obtained, but they answer our present purpose of showing what this type of plant is capable of. It may also be said that this installation has been carried out as a result of the working of a smaller plant which has been under the observation of the Glasgow Corporation Gas Department for some time.

In the above very brief outline of what modern carbonisation of coal means, only two processes have been specially referred to because these two particular plants are to operate on a commercial scale, and it is hoped will supply invaluable data regarding a scheme for general adoption. Actually there are more than fifty different designs of plants throughout the world, either working on a large or small scale, or in a state of evolution.

It will be understood, however, that there is a great deal yet to be done ; but we now possess sufficient information to instal many modern carbonisation plants. The cost figures given above have been based on relatively expensive coal, and this fact brings out a point which is of the utmost importance to the prosperity of this country. It is well known that only the better-class coal is mined ; much small coal is left behind, and our colliery districts possess mountains of valuable coal which at present it does not pay to

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move. All this low-priced fuel is capable of being carbonised. It will be realised that the economic value of any carbonising plant will be dependent upon the cost of the coal fed into the plant, and if this waste fuel is first washed and cleaned by one of the modern processes, and then carbonised, the economic value of the plant is enormously increased. This phase of the matter has a potential value which may well revolutionise our present fuel costs, but we shall not make the progress along those lines which we are entitled to make until we organise to put down more carbonising plants.

A domestic point may be referred to before concluding. The sentiment attached to the open fire is strong within most of us, and at present it is our most economical method of continuously heating a living-room. With the adoption of the carbonisation process we would be entitled to retain our open grates and use a solid smokeless fuel, giving a cheerful and powerfully radiant heat, and at the same time overcoming the existing problem of atmospheric pollution.

The commercial possibilities of the carbonisation process seem clear, but the illustration of the losses in Manchester and Salford due to atmospheric pollution suggests that a local tax, which might be formed into a central guarantee fund, would get over any doubts about a plant not paying its way. If such a fund had to be drawn upon to make up any loss in operating the plant, such loss would not be a loss in reality, because the tax levied would only be part of the cash now paid by the local community to repair the damage caused by atmospheric pollution while burning raw coal.

The writer wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to the two firms mentioned in this article for kindly supplying the data on their respective plants.

## MUNGROO.

A STORY OF INDIAN JUNGLE LIFE.

BY ERIC H. N. GILL, F.Z.S.

THE scene as it unfolded itself before my vision that fine spring morning was one of exceptional grandeur. A winding, picturesque gorge several hundred yards in length ; its precipitous sides covered with scrub and bramble about three-quarters of the way up, their tops crowned with piled-up slabs of granite and sandstone—grim, impregnable, and forbidding ; the slopes inclining sharply to the bottom, and terminating in a dry stream-bed where the polished surface of the stones marked its course quite distinctly as it meandered through the undergrowth to join a sparkle of water away in the distance.

Beyond lay range upon range of flat-topped, jungle-covered hills, harbouring in their midst a veritable museum of botanic interest. Here it was that one met with the 'ganier' with its wealth of brilliant yellow flowers, brought into relief by the refreshing green of the large-leaved though stunted 'teak,' and the thrice-blessed 'mohua,' from whose fleshy and overpowering flowers comes the country liquor so beloved of the peasantry.

Lower in the valleys grew the milk-exuding 'pipal,' sacred to the Hindu gods, with its heart-shaped leaves protesting vehemently against the scarlet splendour of the gigantic, thorn-stemmed 'simal.' Lower still the fig-fruited 'bargat,' encompassing with its serpent-like roots some ancient cenotaph erected in perpetual memory of some village godling ; and high up the granite precipices, clinging limpet-like to the rock faces, the sinister 'ghost-tree,' pointing derisively with pink, diseased fingers towards those aristocratic would-be ensnarers of the deity ; and, as though endeavouring to pour oil on troubled waters, the delicately fashioned 'amaltas' showering downwards its beautiful cascades of yellow flowers.

The jungle was wrapt in profound silence—that weird, uncanny calm which precedes the breaking of dawn. Presently the eastern sky glowed with an opalescent light, a jungle cock crowed aggres-

sively in the gorge, and a peacock greeted the dawn with his loud trumpeting. A monkey overhead called plaintively, and suddenly, as if at some appointed signal, the whole teeming bird world burst into vigorous song. The medley of voices rose in joyful crescendo, when, without the least warning, there reached my ears the unmistakable sounds of a vulgar brawl, distinctly unmusical and not a little disconcerting on account of its close proximity; which brings me to the beginning of my story about Mungroo.

Mungroo, as my readers must have already guessed, was an Indian sloth bear, and a bear of bears in that wild and unfashionable tract of country. And a power in the state was old Mungroo, for the many who knew him by sight and reputation, and the few who had survived his personal acquaintance, spoke of him with bated breath. He was notorious throughout the range of hills fringing the *Takaria Nala*. Subtle, formidable, truculent, even supernatural, he dominated the sylvan surroundings with his awe-inspiring presence. Village housewives found in the mere mention of his name an infallible antidote for the waywardness of defiant and refractory children; from which my readers might conclude that Mungroo was no ordinary bear. He was not.

Some years previously Mungroo had first seen the light of day in that very *Nala*. For two weeks he had lain in a black cave as blind as a new-born pup, fed and cared for by the most devoted, kind, and indulgent of mothers. His wee companion, a sickly morsel, had died very shortly after birth, so, having consumed the sustenance intended for two, he had flourished and grown apace. Came a day when, with the gaudy barbets serenading each other in the silent gorge and the peacocks challenging their fellows to mortal combat, Mungroo followed his mother out of the cave and beheld for the first time the inimitable glory of an Eastern sun resting like a golden orb on the rim of the earth.

The big she-bear, however, exhibited little interest in the surrounding grandeur. Being a child of darkness, she was afraid of the light. Experience had taught her that it was just this transition period between light and darkness when her safety was most threatened. Man, her arch-enemy, cunningly perched on boulder or tree-top, was able to watch all her movements and plan her destruction accordingly. She licked her cub affectionately and put a great claw-surmounted paw protectingly round him. Her sensitive, silvery muzzle wandered this way and that while she studied carefully the message of the wind. Then, finding the coast

clear, she scrambled slowly down the precipitous slope with her offspring perched securely on her spacious back.

Thus did the little cub take his first joy ride into the great unknown. Thus did he return the next morning and several subsequent mornings, having in the interval been taught how to grub for ants, termites, and other insect delicacies ; not to mention his introduction to the intriguing flavours of the intoxicating 'mohua,' luscious 'tendu,' and delicious wild honey.

Perched comfortably on his mother's back or trotting merrily at her heels, the little cub had never a thought of danger. He was quick to notice how all other four-footed wanderers, occasionally met with, gave them right of way ; and once when returning later than usual how some villagers had shot up trees at their approach, and how terribly angry and formidable his mother had appeared on that occasion ; and yet another occasion when a rumbling growl from her had sent another bear fleeing headlong down a boulder-strewn slope. Verily his mother was the terror that stalked by night, and woe betide anyone, whether animal or human, who happened to impede her path.

Came a day when the cub sought no longer to ride on his mother's back. The 'mohua' had all but ceased to yield its succulent fruit, and the old peacock, roosting each night on the hive-ridden 'simal,' had grown a jewelled tail well-nigh six feet in length. An overpowering hot wind had blown unceasingly from the west, causing even the barbets to cease their vociferous serenading. A crimson sun was just having his last peep at a topsy-turvy world when the big she-bear, emerging from the cave entrance, rose steadily on her hind legs and sniffed suspiciously towards an overhanging ledge of rock. Suddenly the sylvan stillness was punctuated by the startling explosion of a rifle. A red-hot flame tore through her vitals, the firmament seemed to dance with a thousand brilliant lights. Followed a momentary, shadowy calm during which she could hear the fast weakening voice of her little one calling. Another blinding flash, then darkness absolute.

Above the ledge of rock a white hand passed a wad of blood-money into a palm that was horny and black, while the struggling cub, enveloped in a coarse blanket, was borne off in triumph to the village.

It was in that jungle village—as the village pet, in fact—that Mungroo came by his name ; and it was at that village a few months later that I made his acquaintance ; a really well-formed, well-

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behaved, sport-loving, harmless bear of great promise, who would perform all manner of quaint tricks merely for the special privilege of being allowed to lick clean a tin of jam or golden syrup.

Those simple villagers had not been jungle dwellers all their lives without knowing that a child of the jungle returns to the jungle, yet there was not a man—nor a woman, for that matter—who would not have wagered all his meagre belongings on Mungroo being an exalted exception. And they were not far wrong. That great lumbering, lovable bear bade fair to justify all the faith, trust, and simple beliefs of his human foster-parents until he was faced unexpectedly with nature's greatest law. Mungroo was never restrained. It would have mattered little if he had been, for one bright starry night, when the wild plum was beginning to bear its stringent fruit and a low-lying smoke-haze spoke softly of an early winter, a plaintive, crooning call—oft repeated and remarkably human—arose from the adjoining scrub; subsided and rose again Mungroo, grubbing in the village dustbin, stopped to listen, and as he recognised that crooning invitation something thrilled within him—something which, unknowingly, filled a blank in his otherwise happy existence; something which would not be denied. Mungroo straightway lost interest in his grubbing, and the forest, that home of unravelled mysteries, claimed him for a spell as its own.

The simple but practical villagers wondered and speculated as to his fate, even grieved for a space, and then Mungroo, village comedian and sport of men and maidens, was relegated to the limbo of village memories. A few moons came and went, and one hot morning, when the village housewives were gathering in the last of the 'mohua,' a huge bear strode boldly into the village. It was the once popular Mungroo, but nobody recognised him. The alarm had been sudden and general. Wiry men, armed with sticks and hatchets, emerged from every hut and made towards the intruder, who, mildly wondering what all the commotion meant, waited patiently for the onslaught.

If a slap in the face is ordinarily enough to rouse the ire, imagine the mortification attendant upon the violent impact of several sticks, not to mention the kindly ministrations of an axe or two. Mungroo's sluggish and slow-thinking brain suddenly saw red. He fought, as only a big bear can fight, with teeth and claws, and retired from the fray with an awkward limp, leaving on the field of battle two men dismembered and a third with his head scalped clean. Again the forest enfolded Mungroo in its mighty embrace,

this time for good. It healed his wounds and hardened his one-time loving heart, but it did not eradicate that pathetic limp, which at once identified old Mungroo from a hundred of his kind. So here he was again, as I saw him that fine spring morning, the moving spirit of a vulgar brawl.

Seated on the polished surface of a gigantic rock overlooking the *Takaria Nala*, I watched and waited. The sounds of strife so suddenly commenced were as suddenly subdued. There followed a crash of falling debris, and down the boulder-strewn slope barged and bucketed an animated mass of black hair in a frantic endeavour to get clear of the vicinity in the shortest possible time.

Having thus seen the last of one participant, I looked about carefully for the other, and, as I half expected, saw an enormous bear, exhibiting a curious limp as he moved about, making romantic overtures to a smaller though no less enthusiastic and flattered member of the weaker sex. Mungroo was justifying his reputation with a vengeance.

A monkey coughed aggressively from a tree-top, and immediately the whole troop were chattering and jumping about like friends on a holiday. Mungroo, however, took not the least notice of them; but after some silent communion with his companion led the way down to the stream-bed and began a rapid ascent of the opposite slope. Up and up they went, never stopping nor faltering, scrambling straight over rocks and boulders in their path till they arrived at the base of a rocky ridge, and there they stopped.

With a pair of powerful glasses I watched every movement. After pacing up and down the ridge for a few minutes they finally squatted opposite each other on their haunches and embraced in the most human fashion imaginable, at the same time uttering queer crooning sounds which I could hear quite distinctly. After this they separated and lay down under overhanging ledges of rock, now flat on their stomachs, now on their sides, and occasionally on their backs, with great hairy legs waving ludicrously in the air above them.

This spot, as I ascertained later, was the entrance to a cave which old Mungroo had decided to make his summer home. Duty kept me wandering in the neighbourhood, and as Mungroo emerged from his underground habitation about the same hour each evening, and returned to it regularly each morning accompanied by his devoted wife, I was afforded unlimited opportunity for prying into their jealously guarded private affairs. Not that I have any apology



to offer for this reprehensible conduct, for it taught me, in an irrefutable manner, how closely the follies of mankind resembled those of the brute creation.

When forest paths, beloved of man and beast on account of the immunity they offer from formidable thorns, converge in one direction there will be occasions when inadvertent meetings might not be regarded as the long arm of coincidence. Mungroo and I met not infrequently, mostly when he was accompanied by his youthful wife. Between us there had arisen an indescribable, spontaneous feeling of mutual respect—on my part for his enormous thumbs and formidable claws, on his for a mechanical device which, in the days of his youth, he had learnt to fear, and which had become inscribed on his memory as being associated with violent explosions, acrid fumes, and sudden death. Whether he recognised me as the purveyor of golden syrup and other delectable viands which used to please his youthful palate is somewhat problematical. Personally I do not think, or rather I like not to think, that he identified me with the murderous attempt on his profligate life; but his appearance on these occasions was so awe-inspiring, and any overtures on my part so obviously ill-advised, it was always with mixed feelings of sorrow and relief that I would watch him step hurriedly off the path and allow me to pursue my lawful vocation unmolested.

Mungroo's treatment of the local villagers, however, was not so courteous. He was marvellously quick at differentiating between a white and a black skin, and they never stood their ground long enough to debate the question. Being well aware of the fact that poor old Mungroo was hopelessly lame, they immediately sought to exploit the weak spot in his armour.

Thus it was that Mungroo sailed again, as he did when he first abandoned his village existence, on the uncertain sea of matrimony; and, judging from the way in which he and his mate conducted their domestic affairs, they doubtless found the world in general, and the *Takaria Nala* in particular, a pleasant enough place to live in. For a space nature was merciful, and they were allowed to roam the rocky fastnesses in sweet communion together. Wild plum in plenty was theirs for the asking. A tropical moon lit the way to their favourite drinking pool, and the monkeys on the hillside witnessed again their loving embrace. Presently the plum bushes ceased to yield fruit, the luscious 'tendu' began to ooze with yellow pulp, and the fragrant 'mohua' dominated the atmosphere with its intoxicating odour. The exotic 'flame of the forest' was enfolding

the gorge with a mantle of red, and one night Mungroo wandered into the forest alone.

At dawn he returned, only to be greeted at the cave entrance with a warning growl, telling him that he might not enter on account of the wonderful thing that had happened during the night. Mungroo halted abruptly as the sound of those ominous rumblings reached his ears, paced up and down while the full meaning of what it all meant to him permeated his senses, then turning suddenly, his limp more pathetic than ever, he retraced his steps wearily to a distant ravine, condemned to a life of isolation, a lonely wanderer in the loneliest of worlds.

Chancing along a forest path the following morning, we met, or rather, when I observed the red soil of a termite mound flying in all directions, the motive power being supplied by a bear with an unmistakable lurch, I thought a meeting might prove instructive. Mungroo neither saw nor heard me coming, but when a stray eddy of wind conveyed the familiar human scent to his sensitive nostrils he ceased excavating and turned in my direction with an intimidating 'Woof!'

Poor old fellow! He looked tired, dishevelled, and mud-bespattered. His small pig-like eyes were red and inflamed; his smooth silvery muzzle streaked with crimson, in eloquent testimony to his riotous passage through the thorns in a ceaseless endeavour to shut out from his vision the suckling cubs which, in a single night, had changed his mate's affections to awful distrust. The mother-love had risen predominant within her, and he had been called upon to pay the penalty.

'Woof!' expostulated Mungroo again, and I could see that he was in no mood to be trifled with. It was with a pang of sorrow however, that I beheld him; for his great size and formidable appearance did nothing but emphasise the picture of perfect misery which he presented, especially when his near hind leg dragged painfully behind him. Presently his aggressive attitude changed to one of sorrowful resignation as with a deep-throated grunt he hobbled slowly away.

On that warm summer's morning, with the yellow 'tendu' fruit strewing the red soil like little golden pippins, I watched him till he disappeared from view, a martyr—as we all are at one time or another—to the predominant impulse of mother-love and infant preservation.

That happened to be the last occasion on which I met Mungroo.

in the flesh. Administrative charges in India often comprise extensive areas, and the same duty which kept me so long in the vicinity compelled me to peregrinate farther afield. Eighteen months had passed ere I was afforded the opportunity of seeing again the *Takaria Nala*.

The winding gorge and surrounding hills had been a familiar sight in both their summer and winter garments. But the view that now greeted my eyes was the result of nature's most wonderful transformation. Every bare patch of soil was carpeted with a luxuriant growth of tropical vegetation, while across the stream-bed rushed and roared a torrent several feet deep, carrying along on its eddying surface the flotsam and jetsam of forest timber, hurtling it against rocks and over precipices with perfectly delightful abandon. The monsoon had arrived in all its life-giving force, and the whole countryside resounded with the music of long-parched hills.

Having sought and found the village oracle, I cautiously inquired about old Mungroo, whereupon the sage bowed low in respectful salutation and led the way down a forest path at the end of which a gigantic 'pipal' reared its white, lime-encrusted branches to the sky, giving welcome shade to the footsore and weary. I followed close behind.

If Mungroo in the flesh was possessed of an unsavoury reputation, it was nothing to be compared with that of Mungroo's spirit, nor had I ever seen anything quite so fearsome as the colossal clay effigy of a bear which suddenly obtruded itself before my startled gaze. Mungroo Deota, jungle deity and village godling, was a veritable monstrosity the like of which one seldom reads of and never sees. A string of marigolds hung incongruously from its bull-like neck, while a great vermilion gash across its face did service for an awful mouth where teeth and tongue were entirely missing. The jasmine-scented, gaily draped village damsels, whose black sparkling eyes become so appropriately demure at the approach of a stranger, worshipped reverently as they strewed the spotless parapet with edible offerings. And as I gazed on this hideous incarnation of the deity I expected each moment to see it descend from its stone pedestal and join issue with the village pi-dogs, which, snapping and snarling through life, fought vociferously for the scattered tit-bits. Never was godling so appointed as did thus command the terrified and unstinted veneration of a highly superstitious and credulous peasantry.

So this was the end. Not being able to return to his beloved mate, and having already experienced one painful reception at the home of his youth, Mungroo had become peevish and morose and more aggressive than ever. Wandering ceaselessly, venting his spleen on all and sundry, he had eventually become possessed of a devil and was lost to the jungle for good. At least this is what the village wisecracks implied, though they did not actually say so. Mungroo's spirit, however, masqueraded in the village each night, smiting the men with maladies unspeakable and rendering the comely housewives alarmingly unprolific. Then it was that the village elders took serious counsel together, and the local priest, suspecting, no doubt, that his powerful position was about to be assailed, took heart of grace, and after propitiating the jungle gods with much slaying of goats, sprinklings, and incantations, conceived the idea of a fit commemoration. A pleasant diversion once created, enthusiasm immediately ran riot. Mungroo Deota was accordingly installed with regal honours, unanimously acclaimed, and henceforth worshipped with becoming solemnity.

I retraced my steps to camp with a sad heart, thinking of dear old Mungroo and speculating as to the share he had contributed towards the welter of gods and half-gods that ever trouble India. In exasperation I turned to the sage with a few leading questions. He listened patiently and answered quite politely, but I could see that he considered me either grossly ignorant or quite insane. Presently there reached me from the direction of the godling the musical tinkle of a happy feminine laugh, followed by the sage's most logical assertion, 'Sir, you are but the sceptical Westerner.' And I was content to leave it at that.

## 'NEW LAMPS FOR OLD.'

CHARLES DICKENS ON ART.

BY ELIZABETH WALMSLEY.

THE controversy in the world of fine arts which at the moment has precipitated itself upon the name of Mr. Epstein is one where fools, perhaps, rush in where angels fear to tread. The æsthetic points at issue are far more fundamental, far more subtle, than any mere challenge between beauty and ugliness, tradition and innovation in modern art. They are, indeed, so recondite that they must be left to the arbitrament of that ten per cent. of the élite who, Mr. Lewis Hind assures us, are hardly to be found per hundred of ordinary folk, including ordinary artists. They must be left to the art critics.

And yet everyone with two eyes in his head is entitled to his opinion of 'Rima'; to go to the Tate Gallery and look at Van Gogh's rush-bottomed chair; or to drop in (and drop out again) to any exhibition by the London Group of painters, when they give one. Lots of these people, who do not belong to the ten per cent. of the élite, have been writing, and saying what they thought of the Hudson Memorial and its relation both to rival conceptions of what art is to present, and how far the lines of nature may be disregarded when natural objects are portrayed.

There is a certain amusing parallelism between the acute situation in art matters to-day and that attitude taken up by the Philistines more than half a century ago towards the startling new departure of that period. To-day, however, the modernists in painting and sculpture have the bulk of the critical press behind them, and our writers on art matters combine with the painters and sculptors of this school to 'flabbergast the public.' In 1850, however, the press was at one with the academicians and the ninety per cent. of ordinary people in being 'flabbergasted' by the Pre-Raphaelites. Then presently a single voice was heard to declare that these young men would 'lay in our England the foundations of a school of art nobler than the world has seen for three hundred years.' Whether or not such a thing will be said of Mr. Epstein (and the painters, for instance, of the Contemporary Art Society) remains to be seen; and if it were said, it would still

remain for posterity to confirm the prophecy. In the meantime the Philistines are no more silent to-day than they were silent in 1850, however amazingly 'the war,' or 'bolshevism,' or 'the times' in general have conspired to reverse the position of the combatants. The innovators have it all their own way to-day, and beauty as a principle in art, as a plain issue on behalf of which so many would raise a voice, as a matter of comprehensible debate, is defeated in 1925 as the Philistines were out to see she should not be defeated in 1850.

When we recall that Charles Dickens, although not remotely of the élite, took a hand in the art controversy of his day, it is—to say the least of it—amusing to think what he would write (to *The Times* or anywhere else) about 'Rima' or Van Gogh, or of the painter whose landscapes are 'imitations neither of art nor of nature.'

Dickens was a Philistine, with no pretensions to art training, but in the stand he took against Millais and the Brotherhood he championed a cause which that group of painters were to do more than any to transfigure, and in which their sympathies would be allied with his to-day—the cause of nobility of conception and of beauty in artistic execution. Dickens complained of the Pre-Raphaelites that their works were ugly—as we complain of 'Rima' to-day. The *new manner* failed to appeal to him as many new manners fail to appeal to some of us at the present time. It struck his mind as 'ugly.' His criticism was solely directed to that. The difference between the works of the young artists of 1850 and those around which controversy rages to-day is that the Pre-Raphaelites denied the charges of destroying and ignoring beauty, and the modernists openly glory in repudiating it. Much of modern art is a frank cult of the hideous.

The writer of the present notes would venture to proffer nothing here on either side of this furious and delicate debate. Her concern is with Dickens in his relation to pictures and to artists. The parallelism she has noticed cannot be pressed too far, but there can be no doubt about what he would have to say to 'Rima' could we evoke his ashes from their resting-place. Judging by what he said of Millais' 'Christ in the House of His Parents' in 1850, we should have some forcible pronouncements couched with inimitable humour (unless, indeed, he felt too strongly and too badly), which would be to the powder and shot flying about at present as the howitzer outside St. George's Hospital to a popgun! The verdict of posterity, and of that ripe estimate of things which time alone can



bring about, has since put Dickens (and the whole world of his day, for the matter of that) in the wrong about the Pre-Raphaelites. It may be that in A.D. 2000 people will feel about 'Rima' and her contemporaries on canvas as we now feel about 'The Blessed Damozel'; but if so it will not be, as in the first instance, because we have had our eyes *more* widely opened to beauty, but because we shall have learned to eschew her for good and all. Dickens hated the Pre-Raphaelite pictures and did much to damn the success of their painters by his criticism, (a thing few writers could achieve as to the artists of to-day). But when he came into contact with the severe personal struggle of one of the most inveterate offenders, Mr. Holman Hunt, he gave him the advice and backing which turned the whole tide of his financial affairs.

The point of interest in all this for us to-day is by what title Dickens, the outstanding *literary* artist, took upon himself to enter the lists about painting. He had no better title, indeed, than have hundreds of us who are not sculptors or artists, who have yet been delivering ourselves in print, or unprintably, about 'Rima.' He had no title but the love of beauty, and the touchstone of his own peculiar genius, never more exercised as to art and pictures than it was in Italy. He might have no title, now, if we evoked his ashes and led him through our modern 'town' in order to confront him with one of its most recent public monuments, to tell us what he thought of 'Rima,' but his love itself of London, and his absolute identity with it. If he were to come back, indeed, and begin another 'tale in twenty monthly numbers,' the scene of it would surely lie in London, and we should have Dickens on Kingsway, and Bush House, on Selfridge's and Woolworth's, on Regent Street, the Cathedral at Westminster, the Cavell statue (Mrs. Gamp should have lain at the base of it somewhere—or beneath the foot of Florence Nightingale in Waterloo Place)—and the Hudson Memorial in Hyde Park. By this title alone Charles Dickens should have things to say upon the changing face of London.

It has been remarked more than once that in the whole gallery of Dickens characters only two belong to the profession of the brush, Miss La Creevy, the miniaturist, and the very unsatisfactory Henry Gowan. To this fact it may possibly be ascribed that, in the whole range of Dickensiana, few notes appear ever to have been put together on the great novelist's attitude towards art. The omission is the more remarkable in that Dickens counted many of the most famous artists of his day among his closest friends, particularly

Daniel Maclise and Clarkson Stanfield; in that he had plenty to do with the long list of his own illustrators; and in that his travels and residence in Italy gave him opportunities of which he never failed eagerly to avail himself of visiting the picture galleries and museums in that country. Many passages on the subject in his letters are inimitable. The bulk of these, taken together with his two short articles in the *Examiner* on Cruikshank and Leech respectively, give us his viewpoint about pictures, apart altogether from the Pre-Raphaelite controversy and the leader in *Household Words* ('Owsell Words') for Saturday, June 15, 1850, whose title, reproduced, stands at the head of this article. Dickens was with the majority of his day in the outcry against the extraordinary new pictures beginning to appear about that date, his sympathies being inalienable by any particular art culture from the academic tradition thus boldly challenged. On the other hand he could and did welcome such advances upon it, or departures from it, as appealed to his taste or sense of justice. He went to the Paris Art Exposition in 1855 and expressed himself as greatly preferring the current French and Belgian work to the English, for its 'fearlessness, its bold drawing, and dashing conception.' He disliked 'niggle' in artistic execution and found that English artists were wanting 'the power of using the vehicle and the model as a mere means to an end.' He saw nothing in 'juggling with paint' for paint's sake, and condemned the slogan of the groups to-day seventy years before it came into the common parlance of art. He was modern enough in 1860 to lend his support wholeheartedly to the women who were then seeking admission to the Royal Academy schools.

Dickens, as we have observed, had no art training, but as Forster said of him in Italy—'viewing . . . an art for which no previous study had prepared him . . . he saw everything for himself, and from mistakes in judging for himself which not all the learning and study in the world will save common men, the intuition of genius almost always saved him.'

His letter is well known which begins: 'I am already brim full of cant about pictures . . . but I have never yet seen any praise of Titian's great picture of the "Assumption of the Virgin" at Venice which soared half so high as the beautiful and amazing reality.' Speaking in another place of a whole series of the Old Masters, he wrote:

'It is a happiness to me to think that they cannot be felt as they should be felt by the profound connoisseurs who fall into fits upon

the longest notice and the most unreasonable terms . . . I have seen some delightful pictures and some . . . really too absurd and ridiculous to laugh at. Hampton Court is a fool to 'em—and, Oh there are some rum 'uns there, my friend. Some wery rum 'uns.'

He brought, indeed, all the unique powers of his observation to bear upon works of art, as he brought them to bear upon contemporary life; and he brought, too, that extraordinary sensibility to their contemplation which in the wonderful mental and emotional make-up that was Dickens seems to have been raised in him to a higher denomination than in the ordinary man. 'I am not mechanically acquainted with the art of painting,' he said (meaning perhaps 'technically'), 'and have no other means of judging of a picture than as I see it resembling . . . nature'; but his note later on Guido's portrait of the Cenci shows both his receptivity and his interpretation. The look of unutterable sadness stamped by one brief glance upon the painter's heart, he stamped in turn on Dickens's with all its never-to-be-forgotten pathos. In another connection, and at another time, the novelist wrote that Tintoretto's "Assembly of the Blest" at Venice is, 'I do believe . . . take it all in all, the most wonderful and charming picture ever painted.' And a letter to Harrison Ainsworth in 1848 ordered him to 'go to the School of Painting at the Palais des Beaux Arts across the river—seize the concierge by the throat—and demand to see a fresco ("The Hemicycle") by Paul de la Roche which I believe to be the greatest work of art in the world.'

Here then, we have Dickens's standard, and we see that the supreme thing he demanded in a picture was the resolution of no subtle question in technique or in æsthetics, but, simply and primarily, beauty. That in painting which provoked his humour, or really upset it, was what he conceived to be failure in respect—not of handling—but of beauty. He recognised that the Pre-Raphaelites could draw. 'It is gratifying,' he said, 'to observe this, because the fact involves no low effort at notoriety, everybody knowing that it is by no means easier to call attention to a very indifferent pig with five legs, than to a symmetrical pig with four.' The observation might well have been penned to-day. He could profoundly appreciate—he could describe, too, where his liking had been challenged, with the devastating effect of fun. In doing this with a fresco of Giulio Romano's at Mantua, Dickens *draws* and *paints* so vividly in words that the work is preserved for us upon his page better than on the wall where it confronted him. He wrote

of the 'unaccountable nightmares' with which some of the rooms in the dreary, damp, and desolate Palazzo del Te had been decorated by this artist.

'There is a leering giant over a certain chimney piece, and there are dozens of giants . . . on the walls of another room so inconceivably ugly and grotesque that it is marvellous how any man can have imagined such creatures. In the chamber in which they abound these monsters with swollen faces and cracked cheeks and every kind of distortion of look and limb are depicted as staggering under the weight of falling buildings and being overwhelmed in the ruins; upheaving masses of rock and burying themselves beneath; vainly trying to sustain the pillars of heavy roofs that topple down upon their heads; and in a word undergoing and doing every kind of mad and demoniacal destruction. The figures are immensely large and exaggerated to the utmost pitch of uncouthness; the colouring is harsh and disagreeable; and the whole effect more like (I should imagine) a violent rush of blood to the head of the spectator than any real picture set before him by the hand of an artist.'

So much for his criticism; now for the marvellous little picture of his own appended to it.

'This apoplectic performance was shown by a sickly looking woman, whose appearance was referable, I daresay, to the bad air of the marshes; but it was difficult to help feeling as if she were much haunted by the giants and they were frightening her to death, all alone in that exhausted cistern of a palace among the reeds and rushes, with the mists hovering about outside and stalking round and round it continually.'

Dickens, in words, was as realistic a painter as any modern in the choice of subject might desire. He draws the shabby crowd outside the Marshalsea with unrivalled power, but beneath these awful lineaments of poverty and misery is the *beauty* of his purpose—nowhere more nobly given than in a line or two to Forster from Venice in 1844.

For the picture:

'The walls were so near to one another and the wild clouds hurried over them so fast that it gave him [Clennam] a sensation like the beginning of sea sickness to look up at the gusty sky. The rain, carried aslant by flaws of wind, blackened that side of the central building . . . and left a narrow dry trough under the lee of the wall where he walked up and down among the waifs of straw and dust and paper, the waste droppings of the pump, and the stray

leaves of yesterday's greens . . . There was a string of people already straggling in . . . The shabbiness of these attendants upon shabbiness, the poverty of these insolvent waiters upon insolvency was a sight to see. Such threadbare coats and trousers, such fusty gowns and shawls, such squashed hats and bonnets, such boots and shoes, such umbrellas and walking sticks never were seen in Rag Fair. All . . . were made up of patches and pieces of other people's individuality and had no sartorial existence of their own proper. Their walk was the walk of a race apart . . . doggedly slinking round the corner as if they were eternally going to the pawnbrokers . . .

Who does not know the passage? It is as ugly as a drawing by a member of a London Group, but here comes the underlying beauty:

'When I saw those places, how I thought that to leave one's hand upon the time, lastingly upon the time, with one tender touch for the mass of toiling people that nothing could obliterate would be . . . to stand upon a giant's staircase that Samson couldn't over-throw.'

Herein we get Dickens the artist painting a scene as hideous as the most modern draughtsman might depict, but painting it with an aim and purpose lofty as that of the least yielding of the Pre-Raphaelites. Truly a queer indictment on either hand of his Victorian taste. So that he must be exonerated by the extremists of to-day, no less than by those of the vanguard in art of his own period. He belonged, better than he knew, to the company of artists of all time. For he had the pictorial sense of all the schools developed to an extraordinary degree. He was a portraitist, a landscapist; he painted with extraordinary finish, or gave us impressionism in the highest key.

'Apropos of blue,' he wrote from Albano in 1844, 'my father's name is Turner, and my boots are green! . . . But such green, green, green as flutters in the vineyard down below the windows, that I never saw; nor yet such lilac and such purple as float between me and the distant hills; nor yet anything in picture, book, or vestal boredom, such awful impenetrable blue as in that same sea. [Like a Leighton glimpse.] It has such an absorbing, silent, deep profound effect . . . as if a draught of it, only so much as you could scoop up on the beach in the hollow of your hand, would wash out everything else and make a great blue blank of your intellect.'

The story of Dickens's relations with his illustrators, well known as it is—they had no easy time at his hands—throws little light on his views upon art. He was seldom exercised about the execution

of his illustrations, only keenly concerned as to their correspondence with the text. Of all his illustrators, Mr. Luke Fildes interpreted his fancy most faithfully and with the greatest sympathy, and gave him fewest pangs about the 'temples in his mind not always makeable with hands.' Leech perpetrated a mistake (due to want of consulting the text) in 'The Battle of Life' which Dickens pounced upon when he first saw the design, 'with horror and agony not to be expressed,' and 'Phiz' (Hablot Browne) distressed him keenly over the drawing in *Dombey* of Mrs. Pipchin and Paul, 'it is so frightfully and wildly wide of the mark.' It is amusing to recall that Marcus Stone found the novelist's description of Silas Wegg too vague to go upon for illustrating purposes, and had to write to Dickens to inquire if he had decided in his own mind which, the right or the left, was to be that gentleman's wooden leg. Dickens left the artist to settle the point in this outstanding instance. Mr. Mitton tells us that 'it is a recognised fact among illustrators of works of fiction that authors are usually devoid of what Mr. Stone aptly designates as a sense of "pictorialism"—i.e. the subjects suggested by them for illustrations invariably prove to be unsuitable.' It goes far to bear out what has been put forward as to Dickens's understanding of pictures that 'he was a noteworthy exception to this rule.'

He rejoiced greatly in the whimsicality and humour of George Cruikshank, but his estimate of the power and purpose of caricature given in a letter to Forster and in two short essays on Hogarth and on Leech respectively, constitutes the nearest approach to art criticism he has left us. At the risk of quoting the well-known again, the whole point of our purpose—for the vaguely topical purpose of these notes—is summed up by his contention, even in caricature, for beauty.

'It was never his (Hogarth's) plan to be content with showing only the effect. He avoided the Drunkard's Progress [a theme of Cruikshank's] I conceive precisely because the causes of drunkenness among the poor were so numerous and widely spread, and lurked so sorrowfully deep and far down in human misery, neglect and despair, that even *his* pencil could not bring them fairly and justly into the light.'

'If we turn,' he continues elsewhere, 'to a collection of the works of Rowlandson or Gilray we shall find, in spite of the great humour displayed in many of them, that they are rendered wearisome and unpleasant by a vast amount of personal ugliness.'



In contradistinction to Hogarth, whom he esteemed very highly, to Cruikshank, Rowlandson, and Gilray, he held that John Leech was the first Englishman who had made beauty part of the art of caricature, and that by striking out this novel idea and by 'setting the successful example of introducing always into his most whimsical pieces some beautiful faces or agreeable forms, he had done more than any other man of his generation to refine' that branch of art and to 'turn caricature into character.'

'Some forms of our existing life,' he wrote, 'will never have a better chronicler . . . He has a becoming sense of responsibility and self-restraint . . . he is suggestive and full of matter, and he is always improving. Into the tone as well as the execution of what he does he has brought a certain elegance which is altogether new, without involving any compromise of what is true. Popular art in England has not had so rich an acquisition.'

In arriving at this estimate of Leech the novelist's taste would have been approved by no less an authority than the champion of the Pre-Raphaelites himself, for no one appreciated *Punch's* draughtsman more than John Ruskin.

In 'The Ghost of Art' Dickens's disgruntled model explains how his employers 'take and stick my legs . . . on to another man's body and make a reg'lar monster. And that's the way the public gets their reg'lar monsters every first Monday in May when the Royal Academy Exhibition opens.'

"You are a critic," said I, with an air of deference. The whole skit is delightful. The 'I' in it observes 'I go to all the modern exhibitions every season, and of course I revere the Royal Academy. I stand by its forty academical articles almost as firmly as I stand by the thirty-nine articles of the Church of England. I am convinced that in neither case could there be, by any rightful possibility, one article more or less.'

Dickens held no brief for anything he could laugh at, and he laughed at the art challenged by the new school in his time, as the extreme wing of experimentalists in paint laughs at it to-day. He laughed in some of the galleries in Italy (especially over San Sebastiano 'stuck all over like a lying-in pincushion') as he laughed with the gentle Doyce in 'Little Dorrit.'

'Of these pictorial acquisitions Mr. Meagles spoke in the usual manner. He was no judge, he said, except of what pleased himself, he had picked them up dirt cheap and people *had* considered them

rather fine. One man who at any rate ought to know something of the subject [presumably Gowan] had declared that "Sage, reading" (a specially oily old gentleman in a blanket, with a swan's-down tippet for a beard, and a web of cracks all over him like a rich pie crust), to be a fine Guercino. As for Sebastian del Piombo, there, you would judge for yourself; if it were not his later manner the question was, Who was it? Titian, that might or might not be—perhaps he had only touched it. Daniel Doyce said that perhaps he hadn't touched it, but Mr. Meagles rather declined to overhear the remark.'

So much then for Charles Dickens as an art critic. He knew something about pictures, and despite his being very wrong in good company in 1850, the principles of criticism that he held—that art should be beautiful before all things else, and that art should have a noble purpose—have been endorsed by a great weight of authority since.

We can imagine fairly well upon whose side he would be in the present controversy, and we can afford the concession that he was among the Philistines long ago. So that we leave the Immortal Shade—if the reader likes—confronted with Mr. Epstein and the moderns hoping he may make the best or the worst of the situation for himself.

*FURTHER PERSONAL REMINISCENCES OF  
AUGUSTE RODIN.*

BY ANTHONY M. LUDOVICI.

III.

I HAVE said that the best proof of Rodin's genius lies in the fact that he has left behind him no school and no imitators, and I think that, on examination, this will be found to be fairly conclusive. For Rodin had a great vogue and his works were widely known. Orders for replicas of his various sculptures used to reach him from all corners of the earth, and there were few people of his generation who could truthfully say that they had not seen his work or heard of it. He was also an artist of very marked mannerisms, and some of the peculiarities of his technique were superficially obvious to the most careless observer. These very mannerisms might easily have been copied—indeed they were copied. All innovations which are merely technical invariably lead to imitation, particularly when they are associated with successful artistic production. And yet, in spite of all this, the fact remains that he has left behind him no school and no imitators. Those who, seeing only the obvious novelties in the treatment of his surfaces, fancied that his efforts depended solely upon such tricks, were sadly deceived, and soon found to their cost that the 'something more,' which Rodin's work contained, completely eluded them.

Even the least initiated among the lay public are aware that in every great work of art it is precisely this 'something more,' the quality that transcends the scope of painstaking labour and technical study, that defies imitation; and, when we have discovered this inimitable quality, we have placed our finger on the one property a great work possesses which raises it to the rank of a genial production. It is for this reason that much modern art-criticism is so misleading, for by concentrating almost entirely upon technical questions, or qualities that are easily imitable, in discussing a work of art, it assumes from the start that an artistic production, however great and unique, is, after all, no more than the result of a skilful and dexterous manipulation of a medium.

It is a traditional, and, to some extent, legitimate practice

among art experts to discover a derivation of every artist they discuss. Just as the grammarian is best able to place a word and to give it its proper value when he has found its etymology, so the art expert feels that he is more readily understood, and is more scientific in his description of an artist, when he has shown that artist's line of descent, or necessary historical antecedents. The common objection to this method is that the artist as genius has no descent. This, however, can hardly be true. There is no such thing in life as a phenomenon freed from causation ; and when we are tempted to conclude that something has appeared as if by accident, we only confess our ignorance of the true cause of its appearance. Of course, the method of derivation in art, like most other attempts at classification, has been grossly overdone ; and we have seen writers on the history of art arbitrarily forging continuous chains of schools and styles, in which every link was too perfectly fitted into its fellow links, to escape altogether the suspicion of having been violently or arbitrarily handled. Nevertheless, if we wish nowadays to understand a man, we must picture him as the child of his Age, and therefore as more or less the epitome of his forerunners ; and since it is probably true that tradition and environment merely pick out in every man those qualities in him which are readily susceptible to stimulation, if we find an artist in a particular century displaying certain characteristics known before his time, we merely facilitate our task of classification if we connect him with the characteristics he recalls. For instance, while it would be absurd, and not at all helpful, to derive Michael Angelo from the sculptors of the Maya civilisation, who were unknown to him, it would be legitimate to connect him with the Greek and Roman, whose influence, both on hereditary and environmental grounds, we may rightly suspect him of having undergone.

Rodin, therefore, with the Greek, Roman, Gothic, and Renaissance sculptors at his back, cannot be entirely independent of his predecessors. He cannot have ' fallen from the blue ' ; and seeing that he hailed from a northern province of France, that he was a profound student of his artistic forbears, and that he has many points of agreement with them, a derivation in his case is not only possible, but plainly indicated.

He was, as we have seen, an ardent and very humble admirer of the sculpture of classical antiquity. He studied not only Greek art, but also Greek history and literature with the utmost care. He was, moreover, never tired of manipulating the fragments of Greek

sculpture which he had collected in his museum; and to Rodin, manipulating meant learning. He was also an earnest and enthusiastic admirer of the Gothic. He constantly extolled the marvels that are to be seen among the sculptures adorning France's Gothic cathedrals, and about these very sculptures he has written most illuminatingly. Donatello, Verrocchio, and Michael Angelo were also in a sense his educators, and he frequently referred to them in discussing the problems of his art. He was not bigoted in his devotion to any period or any school. His wholehearted admiration of one style did not lead him to reject or belittle another; and from his conversation, therefore, it was difficult to judge where his heart lay. But that he could not fail to be to some extent the child of the predecessors he studied so carefully, is fairly clear; and if we can succeed in connecting him specially with one or the other of them, we shall simplify our task of explanation.

Briefly stated, the evolution of sculpture from the ancient Egyptians, viâ the Greeks, to our own time, has revealed, except for periods of decline, an ever-increasing fluidity and nervousness of form. Taking the human body as the principal vehicle of expression in the sculptor's art, what we see in the history of sculpture from Egypt 4000 B.C. to Paris A.D. 1900 is a progressive looseness and flaccidness in the body and its pose, accompanied by increasing movement. As the periods go by, rigidity and perhaps vigour gradually diminish, until with Donatello a more delicate and supple form is attained. It is as if Christian civilisation had multiplied and rarified the gifts of the artist, just as it has complicated and rarified the soul of humanity, and enabled man as a whole to see certain things more sympathetically and less simply.

Rodin understood all this. That is why he pronounced Michael Angelo more Christian than Greek. He saw the Gothic in the great Renaissance artist, just as he saw it in Donatello; and he refused to accept the facile explanation of the appearance of these artists, as merely a resurrection of pagan rationalism and a victory over the mysticism of the Middle Ages.

To say which way Rodin himself leant has constituted the problem of most of the criticism he has provoked, and it is an extremely difficult matter to decide. Some people, thinking of his *Âge d'Airain* and his *Balzac*, class him with the Greeks; others, remembering only his *Bourgeois de Calais*, regard him as wholly Gothic.

My own view is that, although he aspired to the Greek classicism of Phidias in many of his pieces, his natural vein lay in the direction of the Gothic. The Greek sculptures are essentially statuesque. Even in their friezes, metopes, and pediments they never become picturesque or homely. But, except in very few pieces, Rodin, as Whistler once declared, was not statuesque. Even when he was commissioned to execute a statue of Eustache de Saint Pierre, he proceeded to compose a group instead of a single figure, and even lost money over the affair by delivering a sculpture consisting of six figures instead of one. Subsequently he accounted for this by saying that he thought it unfair to glorify Eustache de Saint Pierre alone and to forget his five companions who had shared the sacrifice imposed by Edward III. But the artistic reason for his peculiar manner of executing the commission was undoubtedly that he did not feel sculpture statuesquely. The group of the *Burghers of Calais* is more picturesque than monumental, more Gothic than Greek, and the historical and other reasons which Rodin gave for conceiving the sculpture in a group ought to be taken with a pinch of salt. When it is remembered that he never intended them to be placed on a pedestal, as they stand in Calais to-day, but on the very stones of the *place* before the Town Hall, so that they might almost be jostled by the people of Calais as they went about their business in the town, this point seems to be proved.

Rodin worked as a Gothic artist. He would have been happiest decorating a cathedral. And indeed almost all his pieces are portions of a grand architectural conception known as *La Porte de l'Enfer*. Although he was constantly emphasising the importance of viewing his work in the open air, it is not, therefore, surprising to find many of his sculptures deliberately protected on one side by a wall or background of stone or marble, or else not completely emerged from the boulder out of which they are carved. Such pieces as *Eternal Spring*, *The Tempest*, *Pygmalion and Galatea*, *Victor Hugo*, *La Pensée*, *Illusion*, *The Hand of God*, *Orpheus and Eurydice*, *The Broken Lily*, *Mother and Babe*, *Paola and Francesco*, are examples of this. It might be argued that the very subjects chosen for some of these pieces called for the treatment Rodin has given them. In the *Hand of God*, in which Adam and Eve appear to be forming out of a mass of earth, the treatment is dictated by the subject. But we must remember that certain subjects recommend themselves more or less to particular



artists, and my contention would be that it was the essentially Gothic character of Rodin's genius that inclined him to choose such subjects.

But even in those of his works where the figure or figures are as completely disengaged from the rough portions of stone or marble as is compatible with steadiness and adequate support, such pieces as *L'Âge d'Airain*, *St. John the Baptist*, the *Burghers of Calais*, and the *Balzac*, there is a movement, a swing, a freedom, which is more Gothic than classic; for those men of the Renaissance who exhibit these qualities were, according to Rodin's own showing, and in spite of their preoccupation with classical antiquity, largely influenced by Gothic tradition.

Those of us who have visited Nuremberg, and seen the staggering beauty of the mediaeval sculptures in the Museum there, will understand immediately when it is said that in such sculpture there is an intensity of animation and expression, a restlessness of form and line, which is never encountered in the Greek or Roman. These qualities are Gothic. They represent part of the accretion to man's grasp of life and nature for which the soul-searching creed of Christianity is responsible. They can be seen in a less obvious form in the restless arches, buttresses, gargoyles, and the daring heights of the cathedrals of Western Europe. They are also to be found in the expression of natural science and the more detailed understanding of the human psyche which has characterised the last thousand years of European history.

The quality known as 'repose' in the ancient Greek is a manifestation of that serenity which belongs to a people not yet disturbed by self-doubt, self-immolation, and self-contempt. It is the extreme harmony of a mentality not yet shaken by tortures of introspection, or inner conflict, by what Goethe called 'two souls throning within one bosom.' The beauty of the Greeks is the beauty of men who have never in their wildest dreams beheld the horrors of Dante's *Inferno*. Poorer than the moderns in this respect, they consequently have the bliss which is partly ignorance, and this bliss is revealed in their art. Everything that has appeared in Western Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire is certainly less serene, less blissful, more foolish, perhaps, in its wisdom, than was the partial ignorance of the Greeks; but it is more fretful, more nervous, more subterranean and subcutaneous, more full of insight and second sight, and consequently, therefore, more disturbing.

Rodin was a supremely gifted exponent of this strange accretion

received by the mind of man after the age of classic Greece, but not only did he see life more piercingly than his predecessors, he also discovered through hard manual toil and the incessant study of nature, a magic means whereby what he saw could be adequately communicated. I shall now attempt to describe what these means were.

The first thing that the layman requires to understand about sculpture is the fact that the carved or moulded figure, whether of marble or terra-cotta, has been produced by a process the exact converse of Nature's. Nature works, from within, outwards. The seed germinates, expands, and produces the tree, the plant, or the animal, by a process of proliferation, by a sort of invasion of space, a sort of shouldering of a form into the external light, a cleaving of the air right and left by energy assuming a tangible form. And natural objects retain throughout their existence the signs of having grown in this way. Now this is most significant, and it is a fact which, recognised by Rodin, taught him where the pitfalls in sculpture lay.

For what is sculpture? Is it not the production of a form by peripheral processes alone? Is it not therefore the converse of Nature's method? A man is a conglomeration of cells that have grown and pushed the air aside from an inner necessity. A sculpture of a man, however, is an object which has acquired shape from the outside, from surface treatment, as if by corrugations of its periphery. The natural form retains until the last the signs that it has grown outwards from inner necessity. Is it possible that sculpture, as representing the converse of the natural mode of formation, will also bear until the last the stamp of having grown from no inner necessity, but of having been pinched into existence, so to speak, from the outside?

Rodin's reply to this question was that all bad and ordinary sculpture retains until the end the signs of having been formed from the outside, rather than of having cleaved the air in expanding. According to Rodin, therefore, the radical problem of all good sculpture consisted in discovering how an object moulded from the outside could be made to look as if it had grown from an inner necessity. In other words, it consisted in so manipulating the medium of expression as to produce by art a form that seemed to be created by natural laws.

To understand Rodin and his work it is essential to appreciate this difference between life and sculpture, and between his sculp-

ture and that of many of his predecessors and contemporaries ; and to value his innovations it is necessary constantly to bear in mind that the problem with which he never ceased from being occupied was the problem as stated immediately above.

Very often Rodin used to say to me that he had been obliged, in order to solve this problem, to discipline himself into regarding all natural objects in a new way, and that it was only when he had succeeded in acquiring the habit of this unusual vision that he had begun to produce living sculpture. This new way consisted in feeling all surfaces and all terminal points—whether in a human or animal model—as the projected limits of certain masses, as the apices of given thicknesses, and not as planes lying lengthwise at right angles to the line of vision. ‘Look at every part of a given form,’ he would say, ‘as the limit of a thickness rather than a surface in length, and every point in that form as the extremity of a diameter directed at you, rather than as a slope or plane stretching across your line of vision, and you will have grasped my method of seeing when I am modelling.’

I cannot tell whether I have made this point sufficiently clear, but at any rate I found the explanation exceedingly illuminating, and by means of it I learned very soon to distinguish between the flat sculpture of a poor sculptor and the work that breathed life with all the baffling intensity that Rodin’s did. Turning to his *Bourgeois de Calais*, his *Penseur*, and his *Creation of Adam*, with this principle in my mind, I saw immediately how magically they gave the impression of having grown from an inner necessity, of having cleaved the air in their growth, instead of having received their form from the outside, and I began to grasp the peculiar power of his sculpture and the secret of its overwhelming mastery.

‘The artist whose emotions enable him to see, to feel, and to represent this principle of natural growth,’ Rodin often said, ‘is *hors concours*. No mere copying of nature, and least of all, direct moulding by casts made upon the living model, can possibly supplant his method. For life thus violently seized, as it were, by plaster of Paris, has a trick of eluding its captor, and the results of all such attempts have been wooden and dead. Only the emotional vision of the artist can feel with sufficient intensity the pulsating depths behind the surface ; and to render these depths is not a problem of surface imitation, but one of conveying vitality cubically, that is to say, in thickness.’

The immense difficulties of this problem may now, to some

extent, be appreciated, and it will be seen that he who overcomes them is something very much more than a discoverer of a successful technique; he is a profound student who has wrested a secret from life itself. But Rodin had all the native equipment for such an undertaking. Studious and patient by nature, he was also a man of enormous physical energy and strength. He was, moreover, deeply interested in his problem. To observe life sedulously was a pastime of which he never wearied. Robbed by the civilisation in which he found himself of daily familiarity with the naked human form, which was vouchsafed to the Greeks and Romans, he defeated the limitations of his age by thronging his studios with models who wandered about it in a state of nudity under his indefatigable eyes. Paid by him to supply him with the spectacle of the nude figure, behaving with all the freedom of ordinary life, these models used not to 'pose' in the usual sense of the word, but used to move about as they listed, only to be frozen into immobility by a word from him when they happened to have assumed a position requiring closer study. And this was only one of the means he used for solving the one great problem of his art.

It is not contended here that Rodin was always equally successful in moulding forms that appeared to have grown from an inner necessity. Some of his portrait busts, I think, fail in this respect. But wherever the spectator is startled by the sight of one of Rodin's figures, wherever he feels in contemplating it a catch in his breath that he cannot account for, he may be sure that he is before a sculpture in which this essential distinction between a natural and a manufactured object—in which this quiddity of real life—has been genially communicated to him. It is unmistakable. No one can miss it. It may offend by its intensity. A mind filled with recollections of flat and lifeless sculptures may possibly be shocked by the tremendous vitality represented; but indifference is out of the question.

So much for one aspect of Rodin's work—its fierce vitality. There is, however, another aspect quite distinct from this, and the problems involved in its mastery are quite as great. I refer to the movement and swing of Rodin's figures.

We have seen that he tried all his life to express in the sculptured form that quality of the natural form which consists in having grown outward from a centre, of having invaded space from an inner necessity. We have also seen that, in order to achieve this end, he disciplined himself to feel and understand all the surfaces

of a form, not as planes in length, but as extremities of diameters pointing at him, as thicknesses vibrating with life through their whole volume.

Now comes a second principle. Superimposed on the vital first principle so brilliantly understood and conveyed by Rodin, we find in his sculpture also the principle of movement. His figures, already vital as the outcome of the first principle, are given the additional semblance of animation by being represented as carrying through a bodily movement. Even some of his portrait busts—the *Victor Hugo*, for instance—have this additional movement wedded to their vital form, and always with the result that their resemblance to life is baffling in its intensity.

Once more this was a principle deeply studied by Rodin, and he pondered its laws to some purpose. Movement in nature involves progression from one position to another. But sculpture is fixed. Can this radical incompatibility ever be overcome? To seize the last movement made by a living form, which seems to be the only resource of the sculptor and painter, is not to represent movement. Because, if movement is progression from one position to another, to seize any moment in that progression is to represent not movement but rigidity. The camera seizes one moment in the progression of forms, and that is why instantaneous photographs of moving men and animals always look like frozen distorted forms devoid of animation. Apparently, then, there is a difficulty here that art cannot overcome. Just as in the case of the first principle we had the incompatibility between life and sculpture in the essential difference of their formation, so now we have a further incompatibility arising from movement. The sculptor with his marble, his clay, or his bronze, seems doomed to represent only immobility, because apparently he can seize only one moment in progression, and has to give the whole of the anatomical conditions of that one moment. But if this is so, one of the principal characteristics of life is wholly beyond the reach of the graphic arts; and there is no doubt that a large number of sculptors and painters, having perceived this impasse, have humbly prostrated themselves before it without making any attempt to escape. On the other hand, there are a large number too who, without investigating thoroughly the principle involved, have evidently overcome the difficulty, as Verrochio's *Bartolomeo Colleoni* and innumerable other genial sculptures and pictures are with us to prove.

Given the means of representing the fluency and freedom of real life in sculpture, the question was, how to capture movement!

Now Rodin made a particular study of this problem, and it may be said that it never ceased to preoccupy him. Briefly stated, his conclusions and the application of these to his art were as follows. He perceived very soon that any attempt to seize one moment alone in progression was fatal to the illusion of movement. This the camera proved convincingly enough. But could the camera be wrong? Obviously the question should take another form. We should ask: Is it the object of photography to give the illusion of animation? Clearly it is not. The camera is used for a different purpose. It is a scientific instrument of precision largely used, it is true, in recording mere identity for an unscientific purpose; but its most ardent advocate would scarcely argue that it was designed to convey an emotional representation of moving life. Only when it was used for the kinematograph did it give the illusion even of movement. But it could not solve the problem of giving this illusion in a single image. Evidently, then, the method of the photograph is the wrong one if the object is to give the illusion of life and movement by a single image.

Wherein then in this matter does the eye differ from the camera? It does so in being able to record without confusion the merging of one movement into another, the blending of one movement in progression with another movement. The eye sees the hind limbs of a horse in a given position, and then travels forward to the animal's fore-quarters, only to find that they no longer bear to the still vivid image of the hind limbs the proper relation for a possible co-ordinated natural movement. In this way two unco-ordinated positions become imprinted on the mind, with the result that succession of movement is felt as a visible fact; for movement is a succession of positions, each of which is co-ordinated in itself, and no two of which can be co-ordinated naturally. Two positions, therefore, conceived as one position, give the impression of movement even in the static sculpture or in the drawn outline. And that is why photographs of moving forms are so unsatisfactory to the spectator, and why conventional and artistic representation of moving forms, which are photographically wrong, and which are therefore condemned by inartistic pedants, are ever so much more convincing, both to the initiated and the uninitiated in matters of art—because they convey the impression of movement in the only possible way it can be conveyed in a single

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image, namely, by the fusing of two naturally unco-ordinated positions.

There is no need to point out the obvious truth that if the impression of movement is to be convincing the two unco-ordinated positions must not be too glaringly incompatible, that is to say, separated by too great an interval of time, otherwise a look of distortion would be the result. But, provided the two positions are sufficiently close in time for the last to follow naturally out of the first, their fusion will give the impression of movement.

This is the conclusion at which Rodin arrived, and, after proceeding to substantiate it by an appeal to those works of former artists in which movement is successfully represented, and who may be defended against the photographic line of attack on the grounds that the latter is irrelevant, he applied the principle he had discovered to his own work. People have declared that there is sorcery in the way he depicts life; that the animation of his sculpture is almost diabolical in its realism. Can they be blamed, seeing that he applied to his sculpture the two formidable principles we have just examined? If his technical ability was at all equal to his capacity for study and to his acute powers of reasoning, how could he fail to give startling representations of life? When, therefore, we know, as we do know, that he was in addition a great master in the technique of his craft, we cannot be surprised that in the eighties and nineties of last century he took the artistic world of Europe by storm.

The reader who happens to be one of those who hitherto has not paid overmuch attention to sculpture or to the literature dealing with it, and who has therefore possibly found these matters put before him clearly for the first time in this essay, ought now to turn to Rodin's sculpture and contemplate it with the knowledge which, I hope, my explanation has given him. If he does so, he will find that he is now able to understand and appreciate a good deal which otherwise would only have left him perplexed and uneasy.

Let us suppose, for the sake of example, he is contemplating the bust of Victor Hugo. I select a bust, because the qualities of Rodin's sculpture are more obvious in his large sculptures and therefore more readily grasped. If, however, there ever was sorcery in the imparting of life to sculpture, it is nowhere exhibited with greater effect on a small scale, and with more limited scope and means, than in this particular work. Note, for instance, the

busyness of the whole expression, the lively and contrary twists of the moustache and beard, as if the jaws and cheeks had only just moved; the subtle accentuation of asymmetry in the eyes; the restless and diversified play of the smaller muscles of the brow, the boldness of the broader planes, and the absence of unessential detail, combined with the general impression of complete characterisation. Observe, too, the artful effect of bristling spirituality which proclaims at once the man of genius. Although nothing is weak or shirked, the treatment is simple. Despite the extreme mobility of the features, the head is massive, heavy, and is felt to be alive all through. At every point on its surface one is conscious of what Rodin was conscious of—the diameter directed at one and receding backwards through living matter. The intensity of expression in this mere image, the periphery of which appears to press outwards from an inner necessity, gives the illusion of life to a degree so baffling that it is difficult to believe that it has been formed from the outside. Never was Rodin in a better mood than when he made this bust. It is equal to the finest work in the *Bourgeois de Calais* and the *Balzac*. Many of his other busts can hardly stand beside it; but then it should be remembered that he was in his prime when he executed it. Victor Hugo died in 1885, and the bust was completed shortly before his death, when Rodin was a man of no more than four-and-forty.

It is unnecessary to accompany the reader any further round the Rodin collection, and I shall not refer to other examples of his work. All the principles and qualities which contributed to the peculiar beauty of his art are adequately displayed in this bust, and had Rodin done nothing else it would have been sufficient to place him in the front rank of modern sculptors.

When, however, it has been said that in Rodin we had an artist who, in addition to having studied life sedulously and conscientiously, also possessed the intellectual equipment to apply that study to framing the principles of his art, to wresting from the living form the secrets of its vital make-up, and to solving the riddle of imparting movement to static images, the range of his native endowments has by no means been exhausted. For in Rodin there is yet something beyond this apparent sorcery in the representation of life, and without this something more he could hardly have captivated us as he has.

Over and above all his formidable artistic capacity and penetration, there was in Rodin an extraordinarily single-minded lover

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of humanity, and worshipper of human beauty. He was happy contemplating the human form, happiest in depicting it; and he never wearied of these two occupations. He declared that the human form was the synthesis of all other forms, and that consequently human beauty incorporated all other beauties. To those who were tempted, as were many visitors—particularly English and American—to contest this statement, and to remind him of the fluid voluptuousness of the feline form, which they protested could hardly be paralleled by anything human, he would exclaim almost in anger: 'Study the nude figure a little more! You never see the nude figure. How can you speak in that way? Contemplate it as I have done, and you will discover nothing in the animal world that is not surpassed by the most unpretentious laundry girl (*par la dernière des blanchisseuses*).'

But even this was not all. Over and above his intense love of the human form, which made his study of it a genuine passion, Rodin was possessed of a very wholesome taste. This has indeed been disputed; but surely the view I take is abundantly borne out even by an illustrated catalogue of his works. Never does he present us with anything sick or degenerate. Never does he select for representation the faintly exhausted type of the modern world, which is now so frequently chosen quite uncritically by less vigilant modern sculptors. All his figures are patterns of health and vigour, or are at least up to the highest standard of health and vigour existing in his time. Almost all except the *Old Courtesan* and the *Bourgeois de Calais*, in which he deliberately elected to portray old or middle age, breathe the breath of flourishing youth and unspent energy. His taste was, therefore, healthy in this sense, that he preferred to err on the side of gross splendour in human structure, than on the side of delicate and faintly morbid refinement. And thus he resisted one of the most potent influences, not only of his age and of his country, but above all of the great city in which he was born. For, all around him, there were opportunities enough for interest in the subtly morbid, hot-house products of a sophisticated ideal, and he never succumbed.

As an artist he probably ranks as the most thoughtful and most single-minded performer of his century. His naturally robust constitution having driven all his native gifts to the utmost limit of their development, he became in middle age an engine of such formidable power, that he easily towered above the greatest of his contemporaries. And no one knew better than these

greatest contemporaries themselves how formidable his endowments were.

As a sculptor he is certainly the greatest product of the purely Gothic tradition. His work will remain as the finest example, in his century, of the successful attempt to free the plastic medium from the limitations inherent in it. And, if it is ever felt that, in his frequently contorted forms, the efforts he made to give the illusion of life are hardly consonant with the conventional idea of monumental dignity, nothing will ever rob him of at least this claim to glory—that he portrayed the living form as no other sculptor of his century ever succeeded in portraying it.

In my own opinion—and this thought struck me more than once when I was at his side—he was what biologists understand as a throwback, a phenomenon of atavism, and that the age from which he hailed belonged to that period in history when all Europe was busy with feverish zeal and unsparing energy in building the wonderful cathedrals which are at once the greatest glory and most noble triumph of the Christian inspiration. Only thus is it possible to appreciate some of the more moving aspects both of his personality and his work, and it is thus that I like to picture him—as indeed he pictured himself (a fact that can be documentarily proved)—standing aloof from the petty details of his nineteenth and twentieth century adaptations, divested even of the fame that his work brought him, and content to be absorbed entirely in and by his work, anonymous like the great sculptors of Notre Dame of Paris.

## WHO RIDETH ALONE.

## CHAPTER I.

## UNCLE.

DOUBTLESS you wonder how a man may be an Etonian one year and a trooper in a French Hussar Regiment the next. I am a Frenchman, I am proud to say ; but my dear mother, God rest her soul, was an Englishwoman ; and my father, like myself, was a great admirer of England and of English institutions. Hence my being sent to school at Eton.

On my father's death, soon after I had left school, my uncle sent for me. He was even then a General, the youngest in the French Army, and his wife is the sister of an extremely prominent and powerful politician, at that time—and again since—Minister of State for War. My uncle is fantastically patriotic, and *La France* is his goddess. For her he would love to die, and for her he would see everybody else die—even so agreeable a person as myself. When his last moments come, he will be frightfully sick if circumstances are not appropriate for him to say, '*I die—that France may live*'—a difficult statement to make convincingly, if you are sitting in a Bath chair at ninety, and at Vichy or Aix. He is also a really great soldier and a man of vision. He has a mind that plans broadly, grasps tenaciously, sees clearly.

Well, he sent for me, and, leaving my mother in Devonshire, I hurried to Paris and, without even stopping for *déjeuner*, to his room at the War Office. Although I had spent all my holidays in France I had never seen him before, as he had been on foreign service, and I found him to be my *beau idéal* of a French General—tall, spare, hawk-like, a fierce dynamic person. He eyed me keenly, greeted me coldly, and observed—"Since your father is spilt milk, as the English say, it is useless to cry over him."

'Now,' continued he, after this brief exordium, 'you are a Frenchman, the son of a Frenchman. Are you going to renounce your glorious birthright and live in England, or are you going to be worthy of your honoured name ?'

I replied that I was born a Frenchman, and that I should live and die a Frenchman.

'Good,' said my uncle. 'In that case you will have to do your military service. . . . Do it at once, and do it as I shall direct. . . .

'Someday I am going to be the master-builder in consolidating an African Empire for France, and I shall need tools *that will not turn in my hand*. . . . Tools on which I can rely *absolutely*. . . . If you have ambition, if you are a *man*, obey me and follow me. Help me, and I will make you. . . . Fail me, and I will break you. . . .

I stared and gaped like the imbecile that I sometimes choose to appear. My uncle rose from his desk and paced the room. Soon I was forgotten, I think, as he gazed upon his splendid Vision of the future, rather than on his splendid Nephew of the present.

'France . . . France . . . ' he murmured. 'A mighty Empire. . . . Triumphant over her jealous greedy foes. . . .

'England dominates all the east of Africa, but what of the rest—from Egypt to the Atlantic, from Tangier to the Gulf? . . . Morocco, the Sahara, the Soudan, all the vast teeming West. . . .

'Algeria we have, Tunisia, and corners here and there. . . . It is not enough. . . . It is nothing. . . .

I coughed and looked more imbecile.

'Menaced France,' he continued, 'with declining birthrate and failing man-power. . . . Germany only awaiting *The Day*. . . . Africa, an inexhaustible reservoir of the finest fighting material in the world. The Sahara—with irrigation, an inexhaustible reservoir of food. . . .

It was lunch-time, and I realised that I too needed irrigation and would like to approach an inexhaustible reservoir of food. If he were going to send me to the Sahara, I would go at once. I looked intelligent, and murmured :

'Oh, *rather*, Uncle !'

'France must expand or die,' he continued. And I felt that I was just like France in that respect.

'The Soudan,' he went on, 'could be made a very Argentine of corn and cattle, a very Egypt of cotton—and ah ! those Soudanese ! What soldiers for France ! . . .

'The Bedouin must be tamed, the Touareg broken, the Senussi won over. . . . *There* is where we want trained emissaries—France's secret ambassadors at work among the tribes . . .

'Shall the West come beneath the Tri-couleur of France, or the Green Banner of Pan-Islamism ? . . .

At the moment I did not greatly care. The schemes of irrigation and food-supply interested me more. Corn and cattle . . .



suitably prepared, and perhaps a little soup, fish and chicken too. . . .

'We must have safe Trans-Saharan Routes; and then Engineering and Agricultural Science shall turn the desert to a garden—France's great kitchen-garden. France's orchard and cornfield. And the sun's very rays shall be harnessed that their heat may provide France with the greatest power-station in the world. . . .'

'Oh, yes, Uncle,' I said. Certainly France should have the sun's rays if I might have lunch.

'But conquest first! Conquest by diplomacy. . . . Divide and rule—that Earth's poorest and emptiest place may become its richest and fullest—and that France may triumph. . . .'

Selfishly I thought that if my poorest and emptiest place could soon become the richest and fullest, *I* should triumph. . . .

'Now, Boy,' concluded my uncle, ceasing his swift pacing, and impaling me with a penetrating stare, 'I will try you, and I will give you such a chance to become a Marshal of France as falls to few. . . . Listen. Go to the Headquarters of the military division of the *arrondissement* in which you were born, show your papers, and enlist as a *Volontaire*. You will then have to serve for only one year instead of the three compulsory for the ordinary conscript—because you are the son of a widow, have voluntarily enlisted before your time, and can pay the *Volontaire's* fee of 1,500 francs. . . . I will see that you are posted to the Blue Hussars, and you will do a year in the ranks. You will never mention my name to a soul, and you will be treated precisely as any other private soldier. . . .

'If you pass out with high marks at the end of the period, come to me, and I will see that you go to Africa with a commission in the Spahis, and your foot will be on the ladder: . . . There, learn Arabic until you know it better than your mother-tongue; and learn to know the Arab better than you know yourself. . . . Then I can use you!'

'Oh, yes, Uncle,' I dutifully responded, as he paused.

'And some day—some day—I swear it—you will be one of France's most valuable and valued servants, leading a life of the deepest interest, highest usefulness and greatest danger. . . . You will be tried as a cavalryman, tried as a Spahi officer, tried as my aide-de-camp, tried as an emissary, a negotiator, a Secret-Service officer, and will get such a training as shall fit you to succeed me—and I shall be a Marshal of France—and Commander-in-Chief and Governor-General of the Great African Empire of France. . . .

'But—fail in any way, at any one step or stage of your career,

and I have done with you. . . . Be worthy of my trust, and I will make you one of France's greatest servants. . . . And, mind, Boy—you will have to *ride alone*, on the road that I shall open to you. . . .' He fell silent. His fierce and fanatical face relaxed, a sweet smile changed it wholly, and he held out his hand.

'Would you care to lunch with me, my boy?' he said kindly.

'Er—lunch, Uncle?' I replied. 'Thank you—yes, I think I could manage a little lunch perhaps. . . .'

## CHAPTER II.

### THE BLUE HUSSAR.

EXCELLENT! I would be worthy of this uncle of mine, and I would devote my life to my country. (Incidentally I had no objection to being made a Marshal of France, in due course.) I regarded myself as a most fortunate young man, for all I had to do was my best. And I *was* lucky, beyond belief—not only in having such an uncle behind me, but in having an English education and an English training in sports and games. I had won the Public Schools Championship for boxing (Middle-weight) and for fencing as well. I was a fine gymnast, I had ridden from childhood, and I possessed perfect health and strength.

Being blessed with a cavalry figure, excellent spirits, a perfect digestion, a love of adventure, and an intense zest for Life, I felt that all was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. As for 'riding alone'—excellent . . . I was not going to be the sort of man that allows his career to be hampered by a woman!

A few weeks after applying at the proper military headquarters, I received orders to appear before the *Conseil de Revision* with my papers, at the Town Hall of my native district; and, with a hundred or so other young men of every social class and kind, was duly examined, physically and mentally.

Soon after this, I received a notice directing me to present myself at the cavalry barracks, to be examined in equitation. If I failed in the test, I could not enter a cavalry regiment as a one-year *Volontaire*. I passed all right, of course, and, a little later, received my *feuille de route* and notification that I was posted to the Blue Hussars and was to proceed forthwith to their barracks at St. Denis, and report myself.

I had spent the interval, partly with my mother and her people, the Carys ; and partly in Paris with a Lieutenant de Lannec, appointed my guide, philosopher, and friend by my uncle, under whom de Lannec was then working at the War Office. To this gentleman I was indebted for much good advice and innumerable hints and tips that proved invaluable. Also for the friendship of the dear clever little Véronique Vaux, and, most of all, for that of Raoul d'Auray de Redon, at a later date. To de Lannec I owed it that if in my raw-recruit days I was a fool, I was not a sanguinary fool ; and that I escaped most of the pit-falls digged for the feet of the unwary by those who had themselves only become wary by painful experience therein. Thanks to him, I also knew enough to engage permanently a private room for myself at a hotel in St. Denis, where I could have meals and a bath ; to have my cavalry boots and uniform privately made for me ; and to equip myself with a spare complete outfit of all those articles of clothing and of use, the loss or lack of which brings the private soldier to so much trouble and punishment.

And one fine morning I presented myself at the great gates of the barracks of the famous Blue Hussars, trying to look happier than I felt. I beheld an enormous parade ground, about a quarter of a mile square, with the Riding School in the middle of it, and beyond it a huge barracks for men and horses. The horses occupied the ground-floor and the men the floors above—not a nice arrangement I thought. (I continued to think it, when I lived just above the horses, in a room that held a hundred and twenty unwashed men, a hundred and twenty pairs of stable-boots, a hundred and twenty pairs of never-cleaned blankets—and windows that had been kept shut for a hundred and twenty years, to exclude the exhalations from the stable (because more than enough came up through the floor).

I passed through the gates, and a Sergeant came out from the Guard-Room, which was just beside them.

'Hi, there! Where d'ye think you're going?' he shouted.

'I have come to report myself, Sergeant,' I replied meekly, and produced my *feuille de route*.

He looked at it.

'One of those anointed *Volontaires*, are you?' he growled.

'Well, my fine gentleman, I don't like them, d'you understand? . . . And I don't like you. . . . I don't like your face, nor your voice, nor your clothes, nor anything about you. D'you see? . . .'

Mindful of de Lannec's advice, I held my tongue. It is the one thing of his own that the soldier may hold. But a good Sergeant is not to be defeated.

'Don't you dare to stand there and sulk, you dumb image of a dead fish,' he shouted.

'No, Sergeant,' I replied.

'And don't you back-answer me either, you chattering baboon,' he roared.

'You have made a bad beginning,' he went on menacingly, before I could be either silent or responsive, 'and I'll see you make a bad end too, you pimply *pékin*! . . . Get out of this—go on—before I . . .'

'But, Sergeant,' I murmured, 'I have come to join . . .'

'You *will* interrupt me, will you?' he yelled. 'That's settled it! Wait till you're in uniform—and I'll show you the inside of a little stone box I know of. That'll teach you to contradict Sergeants. . . . Get out of this, you insubordinate rascal—and take your *feuille de route* to the Paymaster's Office in the *Rue des Enfants Abandonnés*. . . . I'll deal with you when you come back. Name of an Anointed Poodle, I will! . . .'

In silence I turned about and went in search of the *Rue des Enfants Abandonnés*, and the Paymaster's Office, feeling that I was indeed going to begin at the bottom of a fairly steep ladder, and to receive some valuable discipline and training in self-control. I believe that, for the fraction of a second, I was tempted to seek the train for Calais and England, instead of the Street of the Abandoned Children and the Office of the Paymaster. (Were they Children of Abandoned Character, or Children who had Been Abandoned by Others? Alas, I knew not; but feeling something of a poor Abandoned Child myself, I decided that it was the latter.)

Expecting otherwise, I found the non-commissioned officer who was the Paymaster's Clerk, a courteous person. He asked me which Squadron I would like to join, and I replied that I should like to join any Squadron to which the present Sergeant of the Guard did not belong.

'Who's he?' asked the clerk.

I described the Sergeant as a ruffianly brute with a bristly moustache, bristly eyebrows, bristly hair, and bristly manners. A bullying blackguard in fact.

'Any private to any Sergeant,' smiled the clerk; 'but it sounds

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like Blüm. Did he swear by the name of an Anointed Poodle, by any chance ?'

'That's the man,' said I.

'Third Squadron. I'll put you down for the Second. . . . Take this paper and ask for the Sergeant-Major of the Second Squadron. And don't forget that if you can stand well with the S.S.M. and the *Adjutant* of your Squadron, you'll be all right. . . .'

On my return to the Barracks, I again encountered the engaging Sergeant Blüm at the Guard-Room by the gates.

'To what Squadron are you drafted ?' he asked.

'To the Second, Sergeant,' I replied innocently.

'And that's the worst news I have heard this year,' was the reply. 'I hoped you would be in the Third. I'd have had you put in my own *peloton*. I have a way with aristocrats and *Volontaires*, and *macquereaux*. . . .'

'I did my best, Sergeant,' I replied truthfully.

'*Tais donc ta sale gueule*,' he roared, and turning into the Guard-Room, bade a trooper do some scavenging work by removing me and taking me to the Office of the Sergeant-Major of the Second Squadron.

I followed the trooper, a tall fair Norman, across the great parade-ground, now alive with men in stable-kit, carrying brooms or buckets, wheeling barrows, leading horses, pumping water into great drinking-troughs, and generally fulfilling the law of their being, as cavalrymen.

'Come along, you gaping pig,' said my guide, as I gazed around the pleasing purlieus of my new home.

I came along.

'Hurry yourself, or I'll chuck you into the manure-heap, after the S.S.M. has seen you,' added my conducting Virgil.

'Friend and brother-in-arms,' said I, 'let us go to the manure-heap at once, and we'll see who goes on it. . . . I don't know why you ever left it. . . .'

'Oh—you're one of those beastly *bullies*, are you ?' replied the trooper, and knocked at the door of a small bare room which contained four beds, some military accoutrements, a table, a chair, and the Squadron Sergeant-Major, a small grey-haired man with an ascetic lean face, and moustache of grey wire, neatly clipped.

This was a person of a type different altogether from Sergeant Blüm's. A dog that never barked, but bit hard, Sergeant-Major

Martin was a cold stern man, forceful and fierce, but in manner quiet, distant, and almost polite.

'A *Volontaire*!' he said. 'A pity. One does not like them, but such things must be. . . .'

He took my papers, asked me questions, and recorded the answers in the *livret* or regimental-book, which every French soldier must cherish. He then bade the trooper conduct me to Sergeant de Poncey with the bad news that I was to be in his *peloton*.

'Follow me, bully,' said the trooper after he had saluted the Sergeant-Major and wheeled from the room. . . .

Sergeant de Poncey was discovered in the exercise of his duty, giving painful sword-drill to a punishment-squad, outside the Riding School. He was a handsome man who looked as though life held nothing for him but pain. His voice was that of an educated man.

The troopers, clad in canvas uniform and clogs, looked desperately miserable. They had cause, since they had spent the night in prison, had had no breakfast, and were undergoing a kind of torture. The Sergeant would give an order, the squad would obey it, and there the matter would rest—until some poor devil, sick and half-starved, would be unable to keep his arm, and heavy sword, extended any longer. At the first quiver and sinking down of the blade, the monotonous voice would announce :

'Trooper Ponthieu, two more days *salle de police*, for not keeping still,' and a new order would be given for a fresh form of grief, and another punishment to the weakest. Well—they were there for punishment, and they were certainly getting it.

When the squad had been marched back to prison, Sergeant de Poncey attended to me. He looked me over from head to foot.

'A gentleman,' said he. 'Good! I was one myself, once. Come with me,' and he led the way to the *quartiers* of the Second Squadron, and the part of the room in which his *peloton* slept.

Two partitions, some eight feet in height, divided the room into three, and along partitions and walls were rows of beds. Each bed was so narrow that there was no discomfort in eating one's meals as one sat astride the bed, as though seated on a horse, with a basin of *soupe* before one. It was thus that, for a year, I took all meals that I did not have at my hotel.

At the head of each bed hung a cavalry-sword and bag of stable brushes and cleaning-kit ; while above each were a couple of shelves bearing folded uniforms covered with a canvas bag on which was



... painted their owner's *matricule* number. Crowning each edifice was a *shako* and two pairs of boots. Cavalry carbines stood in racks in the corners of the room. . . . As I stared round, the Sergeant put his hand on my arm.

'You'll have a rough time here,' he said. 'Your only chance will be to be rougher than the time.'

'I am going to be a real rough, Sergeant,' I smiled. I liked this Sergeant de Poncey from the first.

'The worst of it is that it *stays*, my son,' replied Sergeant de Poncey. 'Habit becomes second nature—and then first nature. As I told you, I was a gentleman once; and now I am going to ask you to lend me twenty francs, for I am in serious trouble. . . . Will you?'

'No, Sergeant,' I said, and his unhappy face darkened with pain and annoyance. 'I am going to give you a hundred, if I may. . . . Will you?'

'You'll have a friend in me,' was the reply, and the poor fellow positively flushed—I supposed with mingled emotions of gratitude, relief, and discomfort. And a good friend Sergeant de Poncey proved, and particularly valuable after he became Sergeant-Major; for though a Sergeant-Major may not have power to permit certain doings, he has complete power to prevent Higher Authority from knowing that they have been done. . . .

A Corporal entering the room at that minute, Sergeant de Poncey called him and handed me over to him with the words:

'A recruit for your *escouade*, Lepage. A *Volontaire*—but a good fellow. Old friend of mine. . . . See?'

The Corporal saw. He had good eyesight; for the moment Sergeant de Poncey was out of earshot, he added:

'Come and be an "old friend" of mine too,' and led the way out of the *quartiers*, across the great barrack-square, to the canteen.

Cheaply and greasily handsome, the swarthy Corporal Lepage was a very wicked little man indeed, but likeable, by reason of an unfailing sense of humour and a paradoxical trustworthiness. He had every vice and would do any evil thing—except betray a trust or fail a friend. Half educated, he was a clerk by profession, and an ornament of the city of Paris. Small, dissipated and drunken, he yet had remarkable strength and agility, and was never ill. In the canteen he drank neat cognac at my expense, and frankly said that his goodwill and kind offices could be purchased for ten

francs. I purchased them, and, having pouched the gold piece and swallowed his seventh cognac, the worthy man inquired whether I intended to jabber there the *entire* day, or go to the medical inspection to which he was endeavouring to conduct me.

'This is the first I have heard of it, Corporal,' I protested.

'Well, it won't be the last, Mr. Snipe, unless you obey my orders and cease this taverning, chambering and wantonness,' replied the good Lepage. 'Hurry, you idle apprentice and worthless *Volontaire*.' I hurried.

Pulling himself together, Corporal Lepage marched me from the canteen to the dispensary near by. The place was empty save for an Orderly. 'Surgeon-Major not come yet, Corporal,' said the man. Lepage turned upon me.

'Perhaps you'll let me finish my coffee in peace another time,' he said, in apparent wrath, and displaying sharp little teeth beneath his waxed moustache. 'Come back and do your duty.'

And promising the Orderly that I would give him a cognac if he came and called the Corporal from the canteen as soon as the Surgeon-Major returned, he led the way back. In the end, I left Corporal Lepage drunk in the canteen, passed the medical examination, and made myself a friend for life by returning and getting the uplifted warrior safely back to the barrack-room and bed.

An amusing morning.

I shall never forget being tailored by the *Sergent-Fourrier* that afternoon. His store was a kind of mighty shop in which the Regimental Sergeant-Tailor, Sergeant-Bootmaker, Sergeant-Saddler and Sergeant-Storekeeper were his shop-assistants. Here I was given a pair of red trousers to try on—'for size.' They were as stiff, as heavy, and nearly as big, as a diver's suit and clogs, and from the knees downwards were of solid leather. They were not riding-breeches, but huge trousers, the legs being each as big round as my waist. As in the case of an axiom of Euclid, no demonstration was needed, but since the Sergeant-Tailor bade me get into them—I got. When the heavy leather ends of them rested on the ground the top cut me under the arm-pits. The top of that inch-thick, red felt garment, hard and stiff as a board, literally cut me. I looked over the edge and smiled at the Sergeant-Tailor.

'Yes,' he agreed, '*excellent*,' and handed me a blue tunic to try on, 'for size.' The only faults in this case were that my hands were invisible within the sleeves, and that I could put my chin inside

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the collar after it had been hooked. I flapped my wings at the Sergeant-Tailor.

'Yes, you go into that nicely, too,' he said, and he was quite right. That there was room for him, as well, did not seem to be of importance.

The difficulty now was to move, as the trousers seemed to be like jointless armour, but I struggled across the store to where sat the Sergeant-Bootmaker, with an entire range of boots of all sizes awaiting me. The 'entire range' consisted of four pairs, and of these the smallest was two inches too long, but would not permit the passage of my instep. They were curious leather buildings, these alleged boots. They were as wide as they were long, were perfectly square at both ends, had a leg a foot high, heels two and a half inches thick, and great rusty spurs nailed on to them. The idea was to put them on under the trousers.

'You've got deformed feet, oh, *espèce d'imbécile*,' said the Sergeant-Bootmaker, when his complete range of four sizes had produced nothing suitable. 'You ought not to be in the army. The likes of you are a curse and an undeserved punishment to good Sergeants, you orphaned Misfortune of God. . . . Put on the biggest pair. . . .'

'But, Sergeant,' I protested, 'they are exactly five inches longer than my feet!'

'And is straw so dear in a cavalry regiment that you cannot stuff the toes with it, Most Complete Idiot?' inquired the man of ideas.

'But they'd simply fall off my feet if I tried to walk in them,' I pointed out.

'And will not the straps of your trousers, that go underneath the boots, keep the boots on your feet, Most Polished and Perfected Idiot?' replied this prince of bootmakers. 'And the trousers will hide the fact that the boots are a little large.'

As all I had to do was to get from the barracks to my hotel, where I had everything awaiting me, it did not so much matter. But what of the poor devil who had to accept such things without alternative?

When I was standing precariously balanced inside these boots and garments, the *Sergent-Fourrier* gave me a Hussar shako which my ears insecurely supported; wound a blue scarf round my neck, inside the collar of the tunic, and bade me go and show myself to the Captain of the Week—who was incidentally *Capitaine en Second*

of my Squadron. Dressed as I was, I would not willingly have shown myself to a mule, lest the poor animal laugh itself into a state of dangerous hysteria.

Walking as a diver walks along the deck of a ship, I plunged heavily forward, lifting and dropping a huge boot, that hung at the end of a huge trouser-leg, at each step. It was more like the progression of a hobbled clown-elephant over the tan of a circus, than the marching of a smart Hussar. I felt very foolish, humiliated and angry.

Guided by a storeroom Orderly, I eventually reached the door of the Captain's office, and burst upon his sight. I do not know what I expected him to do. He did not faint, nor call upon Heaven for strength. He eyed me as one does a horse offered for sale. He was of the younger school—smart, cool and efficient; a handsome, spare man, pink and white above a shaven blueness. In manner he was of a suavely sinister politeness that thinly covered real cruelty.

'Take off that tunic,' he said. I obeyed with alacrity. 'Yes, the trousers are too short,' he observed, and added: 'Are you a natural fool, that you come before me with trousers that are too short?'

'*Oui, mon Capitaine,*' I replied. I felt I *was* a natural fool, to be there in those, or in any other, trousers.

'And look at your boots. Each is big enough to contain both your feet. Are you an *unnatural* fool to come before me in such boots?'

'*Oui, mon Capitaine,*' I replied. I felt I *was* an unnatural fool, to be there in those, or in any other, boots.

'I will make a note of it, recruit,' said the officer, and I felt he had said more than any roaring Sergeant, shouting definite promises of definite punishments.

'Have the goodness to go,' he continued in his silky-steep voice, 'and return in trousers twice as large and boots half as big. You may tell the *Sergent-Fourrier* that he will shortly hear something to his disadvantage. . . . It will interest him in you. . . .'

It did. It interested all the denizens of that horrible storeroom that stank of stale leather, stale fustian, stale brass, and stale people. ('I would get them into trouble, would I? . . . I would bring reprimands and punishments upon senior Sergeants, would I? . . . Oh, Ho! and Ah, Ha! Let me but wait until I was given me

A little later, I was sent back to the Captain's room, in the identical clothes that I had worn on the first visit. My trousers were braced to my chin, the leather ends of the legs were pulled further forward over the boots, a piece of cloth was folded and pushed up the back of my tunic, my sleeves were pulled back, and a fold or tuck of the cloth was made inside each elbow. A crushed-up ball of brown paper relieved my ears of some of the weight of my shako.

'You come back here again, unpassed by the Captain, and I swear I'll have you in prison within the week,' promised the *Sergent-Fourrier*.

I thanked him and shuffled back. My Captain eyed me blandly across the table, as I saluted.

'Trousers are now too big,' he observed, 'and the tunic too small. Are you *really* determined to annoy me, recruit?' he added. 'If so, I must take steps to protect myself. . . . Kindly return and inform the *Sergent-Fourrier* that I will interview him later. . . .'

Pending that time, the *Sergent-Fourrier* and his myrmidons interviewed me. They also sent me back in precisely the same garments; this time with trousers braced only to my breast and with the sleeves of my tunic as they had been at first. My Captain was not in his room, and I promptly returned and told the truth—that he had found no fault in me this time. . . .

Eventually I dragged my leaden-footed, swaddled, creaking carcass from the store, burdened with an extra tunic, an extra pair of incredible trousers, an extra pair of impossible boots, a drill-jacket, a *képi*, two canvas stable-suits, an overcoat, a huge cape, two pairs of thick white leather gauntlets big enough for Goliath of Gath, two terrible shirts, two pairs of pants, a huge pair of clogs, and no socks at all. Much of this impedimenta was stuffed into a big canvas bag. With this on my back, and looking like Bunyan's *Christian* and feeling like no kind of *Christian*, I staggered to my room. Here, Corporal Lepage, in a discourse punctuated with grandified hiccups, informed me that I must mark each article with my *matricule* number, using for that purpose stencils supplied by the *Sergent-Fourrier*.

Feeling that more than stencils would be supplied by that choleric and unsocial person, if I again encountered him ere the sun had gone down upon his wrath, I bethought me of certain advice given me in Paris by my friend de Lannec—and cast about for one

in search of lucrative employment. Seated on the next bed to mine, and polishing his sword, was a likely-looking lad. He had a strong and pleasing face, calm and thoughtful in expression, and with a nice fresh air of countrified health.

'Here, comrade,' said I, 'do you want a job and a franc or two?'

'Yes, sir,' he replied, 'or two jobs and a franc or three . . . I am badly broke, and I am also in peculiar and particular need to square Corporal Lepage.'

I found that his name was Dufour, that he was the son of a horse-dealer, and had had to do with both horses and gentlemen to a considerable extent. From that hour he became my friend and servant, to the day when he gave his life for France and for me, nearly twenty years later. He was very clever, honest and extremely brave; a faithful, loyal, noble soul. I engaged him then and there; and his first job in my service was to get my kit stencilled, cleaned and arranged *en paquetage* on the shelves. He then helped me to make myself as presentable as was possible in the appalling uniform that had been issued to me, for I had to pass the Guard (and in full dress, as it was now noon) in order to get out to my hotel where my other uniforms, well cut by my own tailor, were awaiting me, together with boots of regulation pattern, made for me in Paris.

To this day I do not know how I managed to waddle past the Sergeant of the Guard, my sword held in a gloved hand that felt as though cased in cast iron, my big shako wobbling on my head, and the clumsy spurs of my vast and uncontrollable boots catching in the leather ends of my vaster trousers. I did it, however, with Dufour's help; and, a few minutes later, was in my own private room and tearing the vile things from my outraged person.

As I sat over my coffee, at a quarter to nine that evening, after a tolerable dinner and a bottle of *Mouton Rothschild*, dreaming great dreams, I was brought back to hard facts by the sudden sound of the trumpeters of the Blue Hussars playing the *retraite* in the *Place*. That meant that, within a quarter of an hour, they would march thence back to Barracks, blowing their instant summons to all soldiers who had not a late pass—and that I must hurry.

My return journey was a very different one from my last, for my uniform, boots, and shako fitted me perfectly; my gauntlets enabled me to carry my sword easily ('in left hand; hilt turned downwards and six inches behind hip; tip of scabbard in front of left

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foot,' etc.), and feeling that I could salute any officer or non-commissioned officer otherwise than by flapping a half-empty sleeve at him.

Once more I felt like a man and almost like a soldier. My spirits rose nearly to the old Eton level. They sank to the new Barrack level, however, when I entered the room in which I was to live for a year, and its terrific and terrible stench took me by the throat. As I stood at the foot of my bed, as everybody else did, awaiting the evening roll-call, I began to think I should be violently unwell; and by the time the Sergeant of the Week had made his round and received the Corporal's report as to absentees (stables, guard, leave, etc.) I was feeling certain that I must publicly disgrace myself.

However, I am a good sailor, and when the roll-call (which has no 'calling' whatever) was finished, and all were free to do as they liked until ten o'clock, when the '*Lights out*' trumpet would be blown, I fled to the outer air, and saved my honour and my dinner. I had to return, of course, but not to stand to attention like a statue while my head swam; and I soon found that I could support life with the help of a handkerchief which I had had the forethought to perfume.

While I was sitting on my bed (which consisted of two trestles supporting two narrow planks, and a sausage-like roll of straw-mattress and blankets, the whole being only two feet six inches wide), gazing blankly around upon the specimen of my fellow-man in bulk, and wondering if and when and where he washed, I was aware of a party approaching me, headed by the fair trooper who had been my guide to the office of the Squadron Sergeant-Major that morning.

'That is it,' said their leader, pointing to me. 'It is a *Volontaire*. It is dangerous too. A dreadful bully. Tried to throw me into the muck-heap when I wasn't looking . . .'

'Behold it,' said a short, square, swarthy man, who looked, in spite of much fat, very powerful. 'Regard it. It uses a scented handkerchief so as not to smell us.'

'Well, we are not roses. Why *should* he smell us?' put in a little rat-like villain, edging forward. He and the fat man were pushed aside by a typical hard-case fighting-man, such as one sees in boxing-booths, fencing-schools, and gymnasia.

'See, *Volontaire*,' he said, 'you have insulted the Blue Hussars in the person of Trooper Mornec, and by using a handkerchief in our

presence. I am champion swordsman of the Regiment, and I say that such insults can only be washed out in . . .'

'Blood,' said I, reaching for my sword.

'No—*wine*,' roared the gang as one man, and, rising, I put one arm through that of the champion swordsman and the other through that of Trooper Mornec, and we three headed a joyous procession to the canteen, where we solemnly danced the *can-can* with spirit and abandon.

I should think that the whole of my *peloton* (three *escouades* of ten men each) was present by the time we reached the bar, and it was there quickly enriched by the presence of the rest of the Squadron. However, brandy was only a shilling a quart, and red wine fourpence, so it was no very serious matter to entertain these good fellows, nor was there any fear that their capacity to pour in would exceed mine to pay out.

But, upon my word, I think the combined smells of the canteen—rank tobacco-smoke, garlic, spirits, cooking, frying onions, wine, burning fat, and packed humanity—were worse than those of the barrack-room; and it was borne in upon me that not only must the soldier's heart be in the right place, but his stomach also. . . . The '*Lights out*' trumpet saved me from death in the canteen, and I returned to die in the barrack-room, if I must.

Apparently I returned a highly popular person, for none of the usual tricks was played upon me, such as the jerking away (by means of a rope) of one of the trestles supporting the bed, as soon as the recruit has forgotten his sorrows in sleep. De Lannec had told me what to expect, and I had decided to submit to most of the inflictions with a good grace and cheerful spirit, while certain possible indignities I was determined to resist to the point of serious bloodshed.

With Dufour's help, I inserted my person into the sausage precariously balanced on the planks, and fell asleep in spite of sharp-pointed straws, the impossibility of turning in my cocoon, the noisy illness of several gentlemen who had spent the evening unwisely, the stamping and chain-rattling of horses, the cavalry-trumpet snoring of a hundred cavalry noses, and the firm belief that I should in the morning be found dead from poisoning and asphyxiation.

All very amusing. . . .

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## CHAPTER III.

BECQUE—AND RAOUL D'AURAY DE REDON.

I SETTLED into the routine of my new life very quickly, and it was not long before I felt it was as though I had known no other.

At times I came near to desperation, but not so near as I should have come had it not been for my private room at the hotel, the fact that I did much of my work with other *Volontaires* in a special class, and the one great certainty, in a world of uncertainty, that there are only twelve months in a year.

From 6.30 to 8 we *Volontaires* were in 'school'; from 8 to 10 we drilled on foot; from 10 to 11 we breakfasted; from 11 to 12 we were at school again; from 12 to 1 we had gymnastics; from 1 to 2 *voltige* (as though we were going to be circus riders); from 2.30 to 5 school once more; from 5 to 6 dinner; from 6 to 8 mounted drill—and, after that, kit-cleaning!

It was some time before my days grew monotonous, and shortly after they had begun to do so I contrived to brighten the tedium of life by pretending to kill a man, deliberately, in cold blood, and with cold steel. I fear I give the impression of being a bloodthirsty and murderous youth, and I contend that at the time I had good reason.

It happened like this.

Dufour came to me one night as I was undressing for bed, and asked me whether I would care to spend an interesting evening on the morrow.

Upon inquiry it turned out that he had been approached by a certain Trooper Becque, a few days earlier, and invited to spend a jolly evening with him and some other good fellows.

Having accepted the invitation, Dufour found that Becque and the good fellows were a kind of club or society that met in a room above a little wine-shop in the Rue de Salm.

Becque seemed to have plenty of money and plenty of ideas—of an interesting and curious kind. Gradually it dawned upon the intrigued Dufour that Becque was an 'agent,' a Man with a Message, a propagandist and an agitator.

Apparently his object was to 'agitate' the Regiment, and his Message was that Law and Order were invented by knaves for the enslavement of fools.

Dufour, I gathered, had played the country bumpkin that he

looked ; had gathered all the wisdom and wine that he could get ; and had replied to Becque's eloquence with no more than profound looks, profounder nods, and profoundest hiccups as the evening progressed ; tongues were loosened, and, through a roseate, vinous glow, the good Becque was seen for the noble friend of poor troopers that he professed to be.

Guided by a proper love of sound political philosophy and sound free wine, Dufour had attended the next meeting of this brave brotherhood, and had so far fallen beneath the spell of Becque's eloquence as to cheer it to the echo, to embrace him warmly, and then to collapse, very drunk, upon a bench ; and to listen with both his ears.

After his third or fourth visit, he had asked the good Becque if he might formally join his society, and bring a friend for whom he could vouch as one who would listen to Becque's sentiments with the deepest interest. . . . Would I come ?

I would—though I feared that if Becque knew I was a *Volontaire*, it would be difficult to persuade him that I was promising anarchistic material. However, I could but try, and, if I failed on my own account, I could still take what action I thought fit, on the word of Dufour.

On the following evening, having arrayed myself in the uniform that had been issued to me by the *Sergent-Fourrier* when I joined, I accompanied Dufour to the rendezvous. Becque I did not know, nor he me, and I received a hearty welcome. Watching the man, I decided that he was a half-educated 'intelligent.' He had an evil, fanatical face and a most powerful, muscular frame.

I played the gullible brainless trooper and took stock of Becque and his gang. The latter consisted of three classes, I decided : First, the malcontent dregs of the Regiment—men with grievances, real or imaginary, of the kind known as 'hard cases' and 'King's hard bargains,' in England ; secondly, men who in private life were violent and dangerous 'politicians' ; and, thirdly, men who would go anywhere, agree with anything, and applaud anybody—for a bottle of wine.

Becque's talk interested me.

He was clearly a monomaniac whose whole mental content was *hate*—hate of France ; hate of all who had what he had not ; hate of control, discipline and government ; hate of whatsoever and whosoever did not meet with his approval. I put him down as one of those sane lunatics, afflicted with a destruction-complex ;

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a diseased egoist, and a treacherous, dangerous mad dog. Also a very clever man indeed, an eloquent, plausible, and forceful personality. . . . The perfect *agent-provocateur*, in fact.

After a certain amount of noisy good fellowship in the bar of this low wine-shop, part of the company adjourned to the room above, the door was locked, and the business of the evening began.

It appeared that Dufour had not taken the Oath of Initiation, and it was forthwith administered to him and to me. We were given the choice of immediate departure or swearing upon the Bible, with terrific oaths and solemnities, that we would never divulge the secret of the Society nor give any account whatsoever of its proceedings.

The penalty for the infringement of this oath was certain death.

We took the oath, and settled ourselves to endure an address from Becque on the subject of The Rights of Man—always meaning unwashed, uneducated, unpatriotic, and wholly worthless Man, *bien entendu*.

Coming from the general to the particular, Becque inveighed eloquently against all forms and manifestations of Militarism, and our folly in aiding and abetting it by conducting ourselves as disciplined soldiers. What we ought to do was to 'demonstrate,' to be insubordinate, to be lazy, dirty, inefficient, and, for a start, to be passively mutinous. By the time we had spread his views throughout the Regiment and each man in the Regiment had written unsigned letters to a man in another Regiment, with a request that these might again be forwarded to other Regiments, the day would be in sight when passive mutiny could become active.

Who were a handful of miserable officers, and more miserable N.C.O.'s, to oppose the will of eight hundred united and determined men ? . . .

After the address, as proper to an ignorant but inquiring disciple, I humbly propounded the question :

'And what happens to France when her army has disbanded itself ? What about Germany ?'

The reply was enlightening as to the man's honesty, and his opinion of our intelligence.

'The German Army will do the same, my young friend,' answered Becque. 'Our German brothers will join hands with us. So will our Italian and Austrian and Russian brothers, and we will

form a Great Republic of the Free Proletariat of Europe. All shall own all, and none shall oppress any. There shall be no rich, no police, no prisons, no law, no poor. . . .

'And no *Work*,' hiccupped a drunken man, torn from the arms of Morpheus by these stirring promises.

As the meeting broke up, I buttonholed the good Becque, and, in manner mysterious, earnestly besought him to meet me *alone* outside the Hôtel Coq d'Or to-morrow evening at eight-fifteen. I assured him that great things would result from this meeting, and he promised to come. Whereupon, taking my sword, I dragged my mighty boots and creaking uniform from his foul presence, lest I be tempted to take him by the throat and kill him.

At eight-fifteen the next evening I was awaiting Becque outside my hotel, and when he arrived I led him, to his great mystification, to my private room.

'So you are a *Volontaire*, are you?' he began. 'Are you a spy—or—'

'Or what?' I asked.

He made what I took to be a secret sign.

With my left hand I patted my right elbow, each knee, the top of my head, the back of my neck, and the tip of my nose.

Becque glared at me angrily.

I raised my eyebrows inquiringly, and with my right hand twice patted my left shin, my heart, my stomach, and the seat of my trousers. . . . I also could make 'secret signs'! I then rang for a bottle of wine wherewith I might return his hospitality of the previous night—before I dealt with him.

When the waiter retired I became serious, and got down to business promptly.

'Are you a Frenchman?' I asked.

'I am, I suppose,' replied Becque. 'My mother was of Alsace, my father a Parisian—God curse him! . . . Yes . . . I am a Frenchman. . . .'

'Good,' said I. 'Have you ever been wrongfully imprisoned, or in any way injured or punished by the State?'

'Me? . . . Prison? . . . No! What d'you mean? . . . Except that we're *all* injured by the State, aren't we? There didn't ought to be any State.'

'And you hold your tenets of revolution, anarchy, murder, mutiny, and the overthrow and destruction of France and the



Republic, firmly, and with all your heart and soul, do you?' I asked.

'With all my heart and soul,' replied Becque, and added, 'What's the game? Are you fooling—or are you from the Third Central? Or—or——'

'Never mind,' I replied. 'Are you prepared to die for your faith? That's what I want to know.'

'I am,' answered Becque.

'You shall,' said I, and arose to signify that the conversation was ended.

Opening the door, I motioned to the creature to remove itself.

At that time, you must know, duelling was not merely permitted but, under certain conditions, was compulsory in the French Army, for officers and troopers alike.

It was considered, rightly or wrongly, that the knowledge that a challenge to a duel would follow insulting conduct, must tend to prevent such conduct, and to ensure propriety of behaviour among people of the same rank.

(Unfortunately, no one was allowed to fight a duel with any person of a rank superior to his own. There would otherwise have been a heavy mortality among Sergeants, for example!)

I do not know whether it may be the result or the cause of this duelling system, but the use of fists is regarded, in the French cavalry, as vulgar, ruffianly, and low. Under no circumstances would two soldiers 'come down and settle it behind the Riding School,' in the good old Anglo-Saxon way. If they fought at all, they would fight with swords, under supervision, with seconds and surgeons present, and 'by order.'

A little careful management and I should have friend Becque where I wanted him, give him the fright of his life, and perhaps put him out of the 'agitating' business for a time.

I told Dufour exactly what I had in mind, and, on the following evening, instead of dining at my hotel, I went in search of the scoundrel.

He was no good to me in the canteen, on the parade-ground, nor in the street. I needed him where the eye of authority would be quickly turned upon any unseemly *fracas*.

Dufour discovered him doing a scavenging *corvée* in the Riding School under the eye of Sergeant Blüm. This would do excellently. . . .

As the fatigue-party was dismissed by the Sergeant, Dufour and I strolled by, passing one on either side of Becque, who carried a broom. Lurching slightly, Dufour pushed Becque against me, and I gave him a shove that sent him sprawling.

Springing up, he rushed at me, using the filthy broom as though it had been a bayonet. This I seized with one hand, and, with the other, smacked the face of friend Becque right heartily. Like any other member of the snake tribe, Becque spat, and then, being annoyed, I really hit him.

As he went head-over-heels, Sergeant Blüm rushed forth from the Riding School, attracted by the scuffling and the shouts of the fatigue-party and of Dufour, who had certainly made noise enough for six.

'What's this?' he roared. 'Are you street curs, snapping and snarling and scrapping in the gutter, or soldiers of France? . . . Take eight days' *salle de police*, both of you. . . . Who began it, and what happened?'

The excellent Dufour gabbled a most untruthful version of the affair, and Sergeant Blüm took notes. Trooper Becque had publicly spat upon *Volontaire de Beaujolais*, who had then knocked him down. . . .

The next evening's orders, read out to the troopers by the *Caporaux-Fourriers*, contained the paragraph, by order of the Colonel:

'The Troopers Becque and de Beaujolais will fight a duel on Monday morning at ten o'clock, with cavalry-swords, in the Riding School, in the presence of the Major of the Week, the Captain of the Week, and of the Second Captains of their respective Squadrons, of Surgeon-Major Philippe and Surgeon-Major Patti-Reville, and of the Fencing-Master, in accordance with Army Regulation 869:—*If a soldier has been gravely insulted by one of his comrades, and the insult has taken place in public, he must not hesitate to claim reparation for it by a duel. He should address his demand to his Captain Commanding, who should transmit it to the Colonel. But it must not be forgotten that a good soldier ought to avoid quarrels.* . . .

'The successful combatant in this duel will receive fifteen days' imprisonment, and the loser will receive thirty days.'

On hearing the order, I was of opinion that the loser would disappear from human ken for more than thirty days.

On entering the Riding School with Dufour on the Monday

morning, I was delighted to see Sergeant Blüm in the place of the Fencing-Master, who was ill in hospital.

This was doubly excellent, as my task was rendered easier and Sergeant Blüm was placed in an unpleasant and risky situation. For it was the Fencing-Master's job, while acting as Master of Ceremonies and referee, to stand close by, with a steel scabbard in his hand, and prevent either of the combatants from killing or even dangerously wounding the other!

Severe punishment would follow his failing to do his duty in this respect—and the noisy, swaggering Blüm was no *maître d'armes*.

As instructed, we were 'in stable kit, with any footwear preferred,' so I had tucked my canvas trousers into socks, and put on a pair of gymnasium shoes.

Scrutinizing Becque carefully, I came to the conclusion that he would show the fierce and desperate courage of a cornered rat, and that, if he had paid as much attention to fencing as to physical culture and anarchistic sedition, he would put up a pretty useful fight. I wondered what sort of a swordsman he was, and whether he was in the habit, like myself and a good many troopers, of voluntarily supplementing the compulsory attendance at fencing-school for instruction in 'foils and sabres.' . . .

When all the officers and official spectators were present, we were ordered to strip to the waist, were given heavy cavalry-swords, and put face to face, by Sergeant Blüm, who vehemently impressed upon us the imperative duty of instantly stopping when he cried '*Halt!*'

Blüm then gave the order '*On guard!*' and stood with his steel scabbard beneath our crossed swords. Throughout the fight he held this ready to parry any head-cuts, or to strike down a dangerous thrust. (And they called this a *duel*!)

My great fear was, that with the clumsy lout sticking his scabbard into the fight and deflecting cuts and thrusts, I should scratch Becque or Becque would scratch me. This would end the preposterous fight at once, as these glorious affairs were 'first-blood' duels—and my object was to incapacitate Becque, and both frighten and punish a viperous and treacherous enemy of my beloved country.

I stared hard into Becque's shifty eyes. Blüm gave the word —'*Go!*' and Becque rushed at me, making a hurricane attack and showing himself to be a very good and determined fighter.

I parried for dear life, and allowed him to tire his arm and exhaust his lungs. Blüm worried me nearly as much as Becque, for he leapt around yelling to us to be 'careful,' and swiping at both our swords. He made me laugh, and that made me angry (and him furious), for it was no laughing matter.

'Halt!' he cried, and I sprang back, Becque aiming another cut at my head after the order had been given.

'You, Becque,' he shouted, 'be more careful, will you? D'you think you are beating carpets, or fighting a duel, you . . . ?'

Becque was pale and puffing like a porpoise. He had not attempted a single thrust or feint, but had merely slashed with tremendous speed, force, and orthodoxy. He was a strong, plain swordsman, but not a really good and pretty fencer.

Provided neither of us scratched the other's arm, nor drew blood prematurely, I could put Becque where I wanted him—unless the fool Blüm foiled me. It was like fighting two men at once. . . .

'On guard!' cried Blüm. 'Go!' . . .

Becque instantly cut, with a *coup de flanc*, and, as I parried, struck at my head. He was fighting even more quickly than in the first round, but with less violence and ferocity. He was tiring, and my chance was coming. . . . I could have touched him a dozen times, but that was not my object. . . . I was sorely tempted, a moment later, when he missed my head and the heavy sword was carried out of guard, but the wretched Blüm's scabbard was between us in a second. . . .

Becque was breathing heavily, and it was my turn to attack. . . . Now! . . . Suddenly Becque sprang backward and thrust the point of his sword into the ground. Quite unnecessarily, Blüm struck my sword down, and stepped between us.

'What's the matter, you?' snapped Major de Montreson.

'I am satisfied,' panted Becque. This was a trick to get a much-needed breathing-space.

'Well, I'm not,' replied the Major sourly. 'Are you?' he asked, pointing to me.

'It is a duel *au premier sang*, Monsieur le Majeur,' I replied, 'and there is no blood yet.'

'Quite so,' agreed the Major. 'The duel will continue at once. And if you, Becque, retreat again like that, you shall fight with your back to a corner. . . .'

'On guard!' cried Sergeant Blüm, and we crossed swords again. 'Go!' . . . Becque made another most violent assault. I parried

until I judged that his arm was again tired, and then fainted at his head. Up went his sword and Blüm's scabbard, and my feint became a thrust—beneath the pair of them and through Becque's right breast. . . .

France, my beautiful France, my second Mother, had one active enemy the less for quite a good while.

'I'll do that for you again, when you come out of hospital, friend Becque,' said I, as he staggered back.

There was a most tremendous row, ending in a *Conseil de discipline*, with myself in the dock, Becque being in the Infirmary. As all was in order, however, and nothing had been irregular (except that the duellists had really fought), I was not sent, as my comrades had cheerfully prophesied, to three years' hard labour in the *Compagnies de discipline* in Algeria. I was merely given fifteen days' prison, to teach me not to fight when duelling another time; and, joy of joys, Sergeant Blüm was given *retrogradation*—reduction in rank.

I walked most warily in the presence of Corporal Blüm, until, as the result of my being second in the April examination (in Riding Drill and Command, Topography, *Voltige*, Hippology and Gymnastics) for *Volontaires*, I became a Corporal myself.

Life, after that promotion, became a little less complex, and improved still further when I headed the list of *Volontaires* at the October examination, and became a Sergeant.

After hanging between life and death for several weeks, Becque began to mend, and Surgeon-Major Patti-Reville pronounced him to be out of danger.

That same day I received an order through Sergeant de Poncey to visit the junior officer of our squadron, *Sous-Lieutenant* Raoul d'Auray de Redon, in his quarters, after stables.

'And what the devil does that mean, Sergeant?' I asked.

'I know no more than you,' was the reply, 'but I do know that Sub-Lieutenant d'Auray de Redon is one of the very finest gentlemen God ever made. . . . He has often saved me from suicide—simply by a kind word and his splendid smile. . . . If only our officers were all like him!'

I, too, had noticed the young gentleman, and had been struck by his beauty. I do not mean prettiness nor handsomeness, but *beauty*. It shone from within him, and illuminated a perfectly formed face. A light of truth, strength, courage, and gentleness

burned like a flame within the glorious lamp of his body. He radiated friendliness, kindness, helpfulness, and was yet the best disciplinarian in the Regiment—because he had no need to 'keep' discipline. It kept itself, where he was concerned. And with all his gentle goodness of heart he was a strong man. Nay, he was a lion of strength and courage. He had the noble *élan* of the French and the cool, forceful determination and bull-dog tenacity of the Anglo-Saxon.

After a wash and some valeting by Dufour, I made my way to Sub-Lieutenant d'Auray de Redon's quarters. . . .

He was seated at a table, and looked up with a long appraising stare, as I saluted and stood at attention.

'You sent for me, *mon Lieutenant*,' I murmured.

'I did,' replied de Redon, and the brilliant brown eyes smiled, although the strong handsome face did not.

'Why did you want to fight this Becque?' he suddenly shot at me.

I was somewhat taken aback.

'Er—he—ah—he has dirty finger-nails, *mon Lieutenant*,' I replied.

'Quite probably,' observed de Redon. 'Quite. . . . And are you going to start a Clean Finger-nail Crusade in the Blue Hussars, and fight all those who do not join it and live up to its excellent tenets?'

'No, *mon Lieutenant*,' I admitted.

'Then why Becque in particular, out of a few hundreds?' continued de Redon.

'Oh!—he eats garlic—and sometimes has a cast in his eye—and he jerks at his horse's mouth—and had a German mother—and wipes his nose with the back of his hand—and grins sideways, exposing a long yellow dog-tooth, *mon Lieutenant*,' I replied.

'Ah—you supply one with interesting information,' observed my officer dryly. 'Now I will supply you with some, though it won't be so interesting—because you already know it. . . . In addition to his garlic, cast, jerks, German mother, nose-wiping, and dog-tooth, he is a seditious scoundrel and a hireling spy and agitator, and is trying to seduce and corrupt foolish troopers. . . . You have attended his meetings, taken the oath of secrecy and fidelity to his Society, and you have been closeted with him in private at your hotel.'



I stared at de Redon in astonishment, and said what is frequently an excellent thing to say—nothing.

'Now,' continued my interlocutor, 'perhaps you will answer my questions a little more fully. . . . Why did you challenge Becque, after you had joined his little Society for engineering a mutiny in the Regiment, for achieving the destruction of the State, and for encompassing the ruin of France?'

'Because of the things I have already mentioned, *mon officier*, and because I thought he would be the better for a rest,' I replied. 'I considered it a good way to end his little activities. My idea was to threaten him with a duel for every meeting that he held. . . .'

'Ah—you did, eh?' smiled de Redon. 'And now I want you to tell me just what happened at these meetings, just what was said, and the names of the troopers who were present.'

'I cannot do that, sir,' I replied. . . . 'As you seem to be aware, I took a solemn oath to reveal nothing whatsoever.'

Sub-Lieutenant Raoul d'Auray de Redon rose from his chair, and came round to where I was standing. Was he—a gentleman—going to demand with threats and menaces that I break my word—even to such a rat as Becque?

'Stand at ease, Trooper Henri de Beaujolais,' he said, 'and shake hands with a brother of the Service! . . . Oh, yes, I know all about you, old chap. . . . From de Lannec—though I don't know whether your uncle is aware of the fact. . . .'

I took the proffered hand and stammered my thanks at this honour from my superior officer.

'Oh, nonsense, my dear boy. You'll be *my* "superior officer" some day, I have no doubt. . . . I must say I admire your pluck in coming to *Us* by way of the ranks. . . . How soon will you come to Africa? . . . I am off next month . . . Spahis . . . until I am perfect in languages and disguises. . . . Isn't it a glorious honour to be one of your uncle's picked men? . . . And now about this Becque. You needn't pursue him any more. I have been giving myself a little Secret Service practice and experiment. Much easier here in France than it will be in Africa, by Jove! . . . Well, we know all about Becque, and when he leaves hospital he will go where there will be nothing to distract his great mind from his great thoughts for two or three years. . . . He may be a mad dog, as you say, but I fancy that the mad dog has some pretty sane owners and employers.'

'Some one has denounced him, then?' I said.

'No, my dear de Beaujolais, not yet. But some one is going to do so. Some one who attended his last meeting—and who was too drunk to take any oaths. . . . So drunk that he could only giggle helplessly when invited to swear!'

'You?' I asked.

'Me,' replied Sub-Lieutenant d'Auray de Redon. "'And no work"! You may remember my valuable contribution to the great ideas of the evening. . . .'

Such was my first encounter with this brilliant and splendid man, whom I came to love as a brother is rarely loved. I will tell in due course of my last encounter with him.

A letter from de Lannec apprised me of the fact that my uncle had heard of the duel and seemed amused and far from displeased with me. . . .

Poor old de Lannec! He wrote that his very soul was dead within him, and his life 'but dust and ashes, a vale of woe and mourning, a desert of grief and despair in which was no oasis of joy or hope.' For he had lost his adored Véronique Vaux. She had transferred her affections to a Colonel of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and departed with him to Fez.

(To be continued.)

## LITERARY ACROSTICS.

THE Editor of THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE offers prizes to the value of at least £3 to the most successful solvers of this series of four Literary Acrostics. There will also be consolation prizes, two or more in number : the winners of these will be entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue. And further, every month a similar prize of books will be awarded to the sender of the correct solution that is opened first.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 36.

(*The Fourth of the Series.*)

' I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,  
     Among my ———— ;  
 I make the netted sunbeam dance  
     Against my sandy shallows.'

1. ' I take care to know every tête-à-tête from the  
     —— Magazine.'
2. ' A simple —— by your Persian cook,  
     Such as is served at the great King's second table.'
3. ' Would I also were at rest  
     With the one that I love best.'
4. ' They mined it near, they battered from afar  
     With all the cannon of the —— war.'
5. ' These were tears by Naiads wept  
     For the loss of ——.'
6. ' If there be anyone that wants satisfaction, let  
     him say so,—I am his man.'
7. ' In a dream that loved one's face meets mine,  
     But the house is ——, the place is bleak.'
8. ' Cruel children, crying babies,  
     All grow up as geese and ——.'

## RULES.

1. Only one answer may be sent to each light.
2. Every correct light and upright will score one point.
3. With his answer every solver must send the coupon that is printed at the end of 'Book Notes' on p. vi.
4. At the foot of his answer every solver must write his pseudonym (consisting of one word), and nothing else. His name and address should be written at the back.
5. Solvers must on no account write either the quotations or the references on the same paper as their answers. It is not necessary, or even desirable, to send them at all.
6. Solvers who write a second letter to correct a previous answer, must send the complete solution as they wish it, and not merely state the desired alteration.
7. Answers to Acrostic No. 36 should be addressed to the Acrostic Editor, THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE, 50A Albemarle Street, London, W. 1, and must arrive not later than February 20.

POEM: Shakespeare, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, i., 1.

## LIGHTS:

1. Herrick, *To Anthea, who may command him anything*.
2. Tennyson, *Becket*, Prologue.
3. Longfellow, *Michael Angelo*. Part the Third, vi.
4. Byron, *Beppo*, xxxii.
5. Moore, *Lalla Rookh*. *Paradise and the Peri*.
6. Lewis Carroll, *Through the Looking-Glass*, ch. 4.

## ANSWER TO No. 35.

1. C	ypres	S
2. O	utblossos	M
3. U	rbin	O
4. R	ialt	O
5. S	erpen	T
6. E	ac	H

Acrostic No. 34 ('Rosina Stella'): There were 62 correct answers received, and 25 partly incorrect; there was also one (from Cheshire) that did not observe Rule 1. The first correct answer that was opened came from 'Paddy,' and she wins the monthly prize. Miss E. McElfrick, Ruyton, The Avenue, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, is entitled to choose books to the value of £1 from Mr. Murray's catalogue.

The Editor greatly regrets that, through no fault of THE CORNHILL, the December Acrostic Competition was spoilt by the sectional strike of the packers in the Printing and Paper Workers' Union, who threatened the distributing firms with total withdrawal of labour if they handled the publications of those firms which stood out against the new demands put forward by this sheltered trade. Hence THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE was not on sale at many of the regular booksellers', and by the time readers discovered that, after all, copies could be obtained direct from Albemarle Street, it was often too late for the competition.

It is to be hoped that CORNHILL readers and their friends will avail themselves of this way of securing the magazine. They will be spared the consequences of these 'hold-ups,' which always fall in the long run on the much-suffering public.

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